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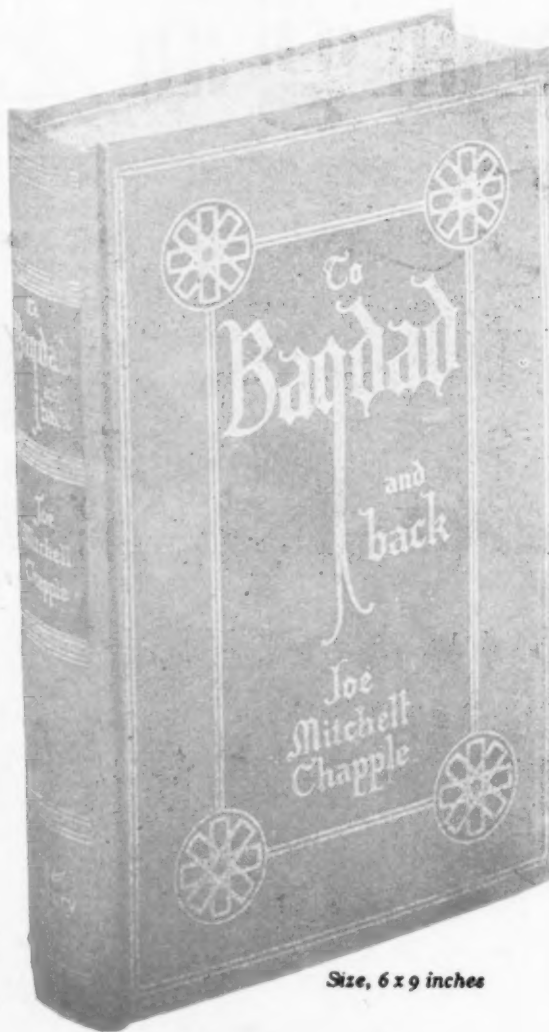
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When the breeze of a joyful dawn blew free
In the silken sail of infancy,
The tide of time flow'd back with me,
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High-walled gardens green and old;
True Mussulman was I and sworn,
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alrashid.

—Tennyson



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the winds that fan the desert
sands from Basra to Barca, her
features scarred but unsullied by
the hand of Time that laid low
the Eternal City, Bagdad was
old when the mythical story of
Romulus and Remus told of the
mythical origin of Rome. Older
than the temples among whose
ruins Mary and the Child sought
shelter from the wrath of Herod;
old, nay, hoary with age—when
Moses, the Infant of the Nile,
led forth half a million freed
slaves and gave them an Empire
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THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS



The President of the United States
Author of the Plan that brought hope to all Nations
in June 1931 for an Economic Adjustment of
Economic Affairs which made Herbert
Hoover a World Leader



Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple



OLEMNITY reigns in the august silence of the Supreme Court chambers during dog days. The nine members of the Court including Chief Justice Hughes are enjoying a vacation until October. Many of them doubtless have with them reams of briefs taken as "home work" to digest and clear the calendar on a schedule that was the dominating purpose of the late Chief Justice Taft when he donned the robes of the high office. This he insisted, was his one great life achievement. The decision of the Supreme Court upholding the freedom of the press in voiding the Minnesota Gage Law is counted one of the most important verdicts involving the Fourth Estate that has ever been made since the days of Burke. Naturally, it evoked widespread comment in the news-

papers. The "five-to-four" decision found Chief Justice Hughes lined up with the majority side of so-called progressives, in which Justices Holmes, Brandeis, Stone and Roberts concurred. The case was brought by a publisher in Minneapolis whose paper was suppressed by the Supreme Court of that State. It is an event when the sombre clad justices as a body have their picture taken to adorn the walls of the young lawyers hoping to be admitted to practice before this "highest tribunal of the land." The photograph represents a most eminent family group of public officials who continue on oblivious of the ups and downs of the stock market or political winds. In this instance the photograph was taken without the old-fashioned rests to steady the heads. The names of this distinguished judicial ensemble are given in the caption "in the order of their appearance" as they quote in the



Supreme court justices of the United States. (Left to right, standing): Harlan F. Stone, George Sutherland, Pierce Butler, Owen J. Roberts. Seated: James C. Reynolds, Oliver W. Holmes, Chief Justice Charles E. Hughes, Willis Van Devanter, Louis D. Brandeis.



Dr. G. W. Hawley first suggested philanthropic service, forerunner of Rotary boys work

ball team, lining up Chief Justice Hughes as catcher, Justice Oliver W. Holmes as pitcher, making a strong battery, Louis D. Brandeis is given first base, George Sutherland second and Pierce Butler third, with Owen J. Roberts as shortstop, James C. McReynolds is located in right field and Willis Van Deventer in left field with Harlan F. Stone in center field. They manage to do good team work, even on a four to five score.

IDENTIFIED with the kindly influence of the planet Jupiter the month of July was marked by events that establish a new basis of relations between nations. The "Hoover plan" is already historic, although it has hardly had a full opportunity to explain itself in detail. When announced in June, it caused a wave of hope to spread over the world in the darkest days of depression and established Herbert Hoover, President of the United States of America as a world leader. While the plan focused on Germany receiving the moratorium, the radiance of the idea shed its light on the world at large—putting a proper approval upon the basic altruism of the United States. It dissipated to some extent the suspicions of Shylockism as a dominant character-

theatre programs, from left to right, standing and seated. It will also be observed that they all wear four-in-hand ties and lay-down collars. Those in the front row were not shy in "showing their hands," which is not always indicative of a new deal. Some wag has likened the number of members of the Supreme Court to a base-

basic principles enunciated in his early declarations in a book and articles that individualism was the supreme ideal of Americans. For the first time since the World War there was an amazing unanimity in support of a presidential policy. Leaders of the opposing political party were not backward in their assurance of sup-



Harry L. Ruggles first introduced service-club singing to Rotary

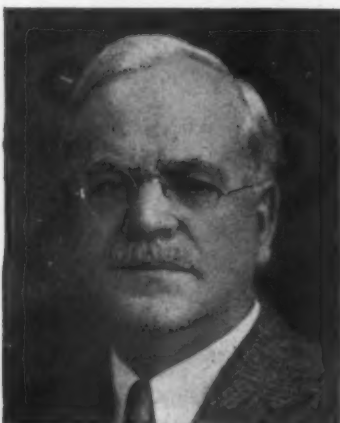
port on the question of "standing by the president" on anything to help the disturbing business conditions, and presenting a united front on matters involving international policies.

* * *

AFTER his trip abroad, following his special aptitude for international negotiations, Senator Dwight W. Morrow has returned ready for the battles that usually come in the career of a New Jersey senator. It was Mark Twain who said that a dog did not appreciate he was a dog unless he had fleas, and someone has grimly remarked that mosquitoes are a reality that keep 'em busy in Jersey. The work by Mr. Morrow as ambassador to Mexico is bearing fruit, but this only marks the beginning of a succession of diplomatic assignments that are certain to come to the distinguished gentleman from the state where Washington fought his most critical battles. Senator Morrow arrived home in time to bid Colonel Lindbergh and his daughter, Mrs. Lindbergh, goodbye before their hop across the Pacific in which they may span the world as a deferred honeymoon trip while Charles Lindbergh Junior, is enjoying "senatorial courtesies" with grandfather Morrow.



Hon. Dwight W. Morrow
U. S. Senator from New Jersey



Sylvester Schiele, one of the original four members of Rotary

istic of Uncle Sam. It was a challenge to Sovietism and Communism by the individualism inspired by American institutions. As in the case of the attack which threatened to bring the dole and the elimination of the Red Cross as an expression of individual sympathy and generosity, President Hoover modestly followed the

THE sturdy spirit of the boy who started his life work in a nail mill in Bridgeport, Conn., was exemplified when the blue eyes of James A. Farrell, president of the United States Steel Company, flashed defiance in the proposition to reduce wages to meet the cut-throat and underhand



Vice-President Oliver B. Merrill
of the N. Y. Advertising Club



John Wilkens
Treasurer, N. Y. Advertising Club

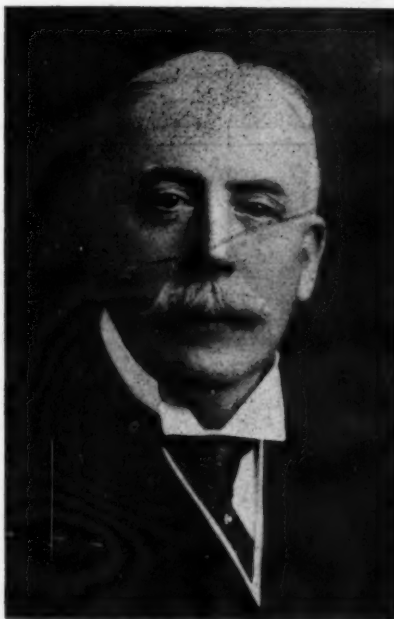
backward in maintaining the high standard of living for the American wage earner that has come during his active career. While there were some hot words passed, Mr. Farrell is the sort of a man that can smile and mend the rift within the lute, for his one pre-eminent genius has been in humanizing industry.

WHEN President Hoover sent his greetings to the delegates attending the Advertising Federation of America in New York it set things going. The address of Governor Roosevelt which followed indicated that the deliberations had the attention of not only the chief executive of the United States but governors like Roosevelt and Ritchie prominently mentioned as presidential candidates on the opposing ticket in 1932. The Convention last year was held in Washington where President Gilbert T. Hodges, president of the Federation, inaugurated the plan of beginning the general sessions with a luncheon, which always insured a large attendance. As the host of the Convention, the New York Advertising club further indicated that it is the central forum for the discussion and reception in Gotham of men prominent in public affairs. The treasurer, Mr. John Wilkens was right there with the check book and the vouchers to see that nothing was left undone or unpaid. Oliver B. Merrill, with his friendly greetings, proved an able lieutenant and active vice president in the work of Charles E. Murphy, president of the N. Y. Advertising Club. Frank J. Reynolds of the Albert Frank Co., in his first term as a director, further indicated his qualifications in the convention test. In the general arrangements and reception facilities, it was not difficult



Frank J. Reynolds
Vice-President, Albert Frank Co.

competition which he insisted had already started in the steel trade. Ever since assuming the executive management of the Steel Corporation Mr. Farrell has inspired a confidence among the workers that has led to substantial profits and prosperous times. In view of this, he naturally opposes anything that would seem like going



James A. Farrell, President of the
United States Steel Corporation

to understand why the hard-working and busy H. B. LeQuatte is called "Buzz." He is a director who does something more than touch the "buzzer"—he works!

THERE were exciting times in Vienna when the Rotary International was holding its convention. Polit-

ical upheavals are going on in Austria, but there was an amazing unanimity in giving a hearty welcome to the visiting Rotarians. The proceedings were attuned to the problems of the times, and the address of Mr. Edward A. Filene of Boston, delivered in person, made a profound impression. Few Americans

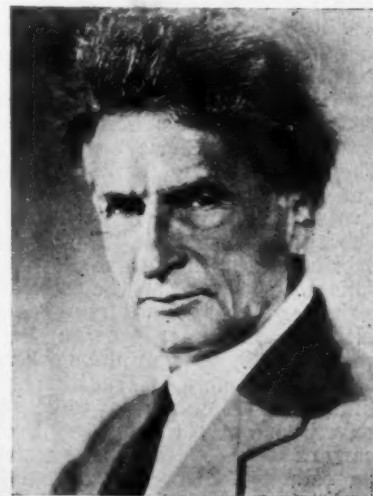
know their international book better than Mr. Filene. The basis of the Rotarian organization is classification which limits the membership to a representative of each branch of business or profession. This plan was organized by Sylvester Schiele, who first suggested pictures for the Rotary roster as identification. Dr. C. W. Hawley who initiated philanthropic service among crippled children was an interested guest among the famous doctors and specialists of Vienna, finding out what could be done for the children. The one thing that impressed the Europeans was the singing, which was first introduced in Rotary and in all service clubs by Harry L. Ruggles, who still remains the song leader by Club Number One founded by Paul P. Harris twenty-six years ago.

WHILE the President has turned a deaf ear to the insistent call for an extra session of Congress, there is talk of having Congress convene in the autumn and complete the work of organization before the important matters concerning the Hoover plan are considered. The date of the reparation payments is December tenth and it is thought well to have the decks cleared so that concentrated attention can be given to the important legislation growing out of the Hoover plan.

The selection of Speaker with a narrow margin of a few votes by the Republicans will be an interesting battle. The floor leader of the House, Congressman John Q. Tilson, born in Tennessee and representing Connecticut, and the right-hand man of the late Nicholas Longworth, is still counted as a formidable candidate. Many deaths have already occurred among those elected to respond to the rollcall, which will necessitate new



H. B. LeQuatte
Director, N. Y. Advertising Club



Bernarr MacFadden
Who now owns Liberty magazine



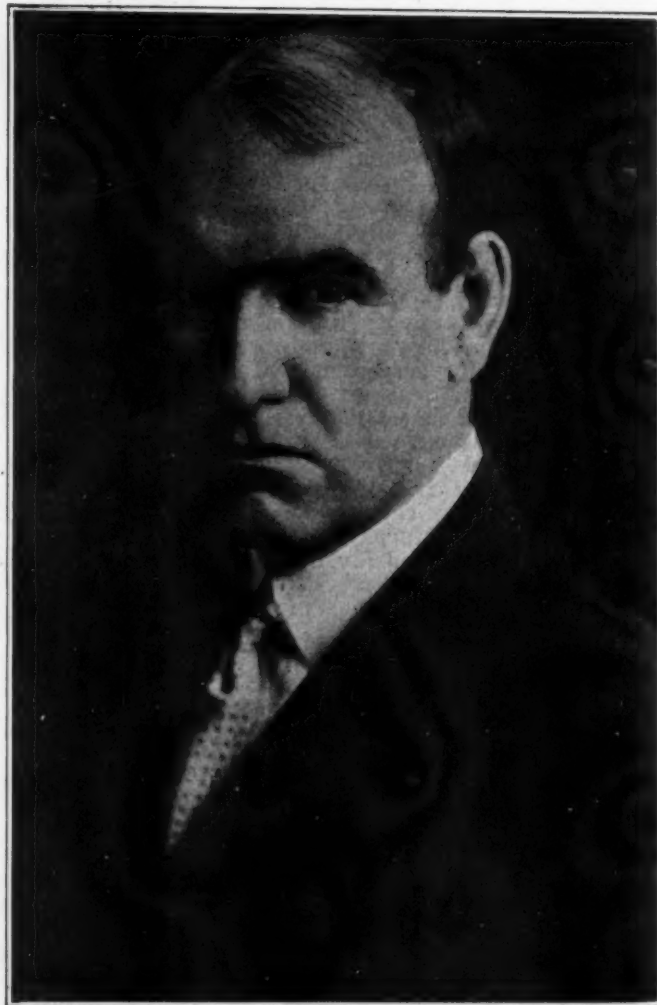
Representatives John Q. Tilson of Connecticut

elections. This may change the delicate political complexion that prevails at this time as to who is who and what party will control the next House of Representatives and Senate.

A CONFERENCE in Washington where the subject of peace was being considered could not seem quite complete without the presence of Dr. Hamilton Holt, president of Rollins College at Winter Park, Florida. After graduating at Yale and editing various magazines and even running for the senate, Dr. Holt decided to devote his life to college work. As president of Rollins College he has instituted the new system of conference. The professors and the class sit around the tables and talk over the matters under consideration as would a board of directors conducting a successful business organization. I was present at several of these conferences, and it was amazing to note the self-reliance and initiative of the students. They were finding their own methods of expression, and seemed to inspire confidence. Every spring they give a picture of living pictures of eminent authors who appear in person. The new buildings have a distinctive charm and great plans are ahead for Rollins College. The walks in the college grounds are adorned with stones from the birthplace or homes of eminent celebrities that have been gathered by Dr. Holt in his world travels. It is a unique collection and carries with it the atmosphere of traditions, for one could almost think here of taking a walk with Plato, here is a souvenir from the home of Franklin, Emerson and many of the presidents. It is a historical collection that suggests that there are sermons in stones. The new dormitory for the women has something of the aspect of the old cloister as the buildings are connected but

are furnished in the most beautiful style of architecture suitable to the salubrious and balmy climate of fair Florida with Spanish influence dominating. The new chapel presented by Mrs. Edward Bok is already under way. The very character of the work at Rollins College suggests that many of the students will later take an active part in public life and occupy eminent positions in government service, because the system of conference and discussion will naturally train many of the young people as leaders in public affairs.

IN the radio program Edgar A. Guest continues to make Detroit famous. He can represent automobiles as well as write poetry. In recent years few poets have won a wider popularity than the modest author from Detroit who sits down at his typewriter and reels out verse and rhyme at a lightning pace, that appears daily in a large syndicate of newspapers. There is always a hearty wholesomeness and humanness in the subject matter labeled "Just Folks." It does not seem long ago that I saw Edgar Guest meet James Whitcomb Riley for the first time in old Lockerbie Street. It was evident at that time that the Hoosier poet was the idol of the young man born in England, reared in Michigan, who was ever ready with his word of cheer and humor that first blossomed in the pages of the Detroit Free Press. He has lived to see the President of the United States select one of his poems on "Fishing" as a favorite. The President is not alone in according a hearty welcome to the work of this particular Guest in any form, printed or vocalized as only Mr. Guest can recite his verses.



Dr. Hamilton Holt President of Rollins College, Orlando, Fla.

DULL times seem to speed up the inventive genius of the country if the records of the Patent Office are any criterion. That is the time when there is more leisure and incentive to court the Mother of Necessity and create something that may bring royalties. Thomas Ernest Robertson has served as Commissioner of Patents since appointed by President Harding in 1921. He was born in Washington and graduated from the National University in Washington. In his practice of law he specialized in patents from the date he was admitted to the bar. In 1925 he was appointed by President Coolidge to negotiate a treaty concerning industrial property at The Hague. There are few details in the procedure of patents here and abroad that are not familiar to Commissioner Robertson. It is one thing to issue a patent and another thing to protect it from infringement in the courts, and the saying goes that a patent is not a patent until it has an established right through litigation. Mr. Robertson continues a student of the intricacies involved in the labyrinth of the Patent Office.

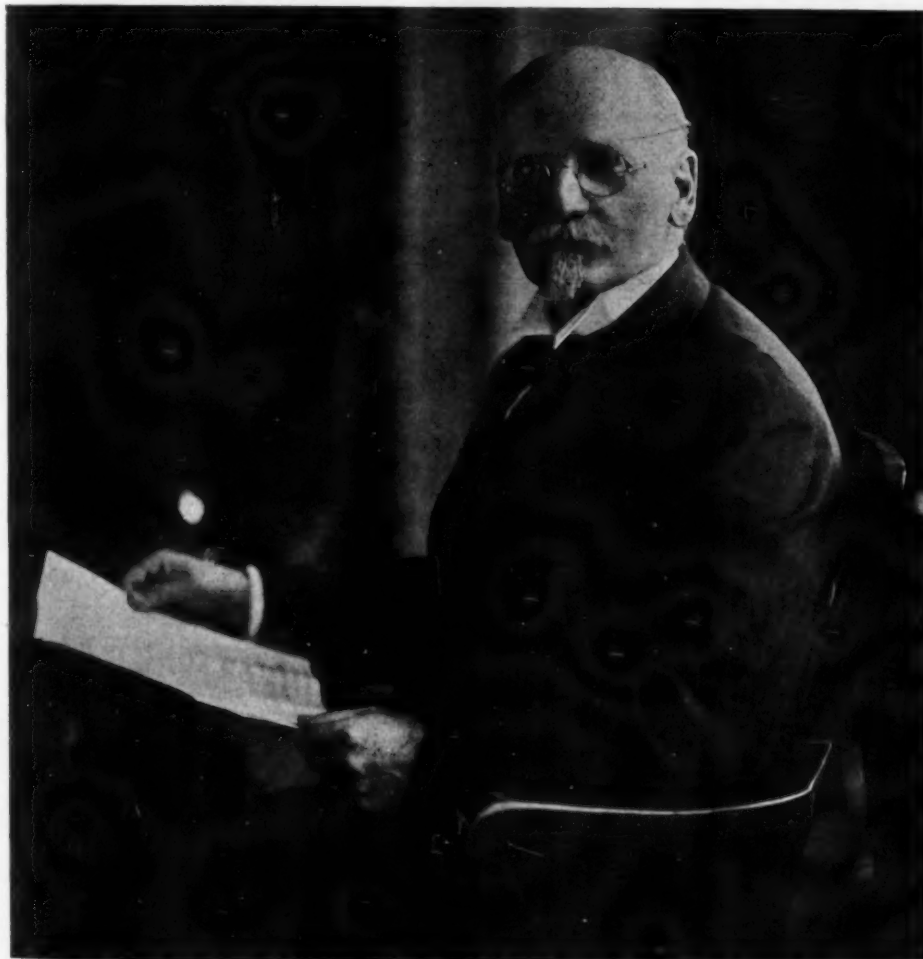
In whatever role he may appear, whether as U. S. Minister at Athens, talking ancient Greek to modern Athenians, or chairman of the School Board, editor of a country paper, United States Senator, George H. Moses is always interesting. As President pro tem of the Senate, he has a way of dispatching matters up to the speed limit. Now he appears as a contributor to the *Saturday Evening Post* and has made a most telling and effective presentation of "Who gets the Federal road money" and "Who pays it?" He proved conclusively that his own state of New Hampshire is receiving the little

end of the budget, although paying a proportion of federal taxes many times larger per capita than the states represented by the wild-eyed "gentleman" he referred to some time ago in a phrase that has not been forgotten. One thing is certain—he has his facts straight and has awakened the country to the onslaughts on the treasury by self-proclaimed self-sacrificing senators and congressmen who seem to be actuated by one supreme motive and that is, to get the money away from the effete east and build up a sturdy west.

IN whatever role he may appear, whether as U. S. ington attention was called to her eventful career. As a bride she became the helpmate of one of the most intrepid spirits of his time. The adventures of John Hays Hammond, reaching back to the Boer War in South Africa when after the Jamieson Raid he was sentenced to be shot, on to his travels to every part of the world where gold has been discovered, were shared to a large extent by his helpmate. With him she traveled extensively and yet through it all maintained a home wherever they might be and reared a family, as she often laughingly remarked, "while enroute somewhere." Her philanthropic work identified her with many movements looking towards helping others. A charming hostess, one could never come within the radiance of her hospitality without remembering one whose acquaintance would ne'er me forgot.

AN agitation against noise has already been begun in Washington. Experiments conducted by Dr. William Braid White, nationally known acoustic authority, have been made with actual photographs of the sounds that penetrate offices from the street and there arising from typewriters and other sources of daily din that lower the efficiency of office work as much as eight per cent. A noise survey made by an oscillograph, a cabinet affair in which there is a small mirror, vibrated by incoming electrical impulses set up by noise waves, casts a jagged pattern upon a photographic film, thus registering a true picture of the unnecessary sound that costs three million dollars a year in the Loop District of Chicago alone. A cynical former senator has suggested that if a survey was made of the unnecessary noise in Washington in the halls of Congress it would show that billions could be saved the country. "I'm for the oscillograph," he commented, "whatever that may be."

THE heart of the nation was touched when President Hoover referred to the dim realization of betrayal that came to Warren Harding during his last days. His tribute, together with that of former President Coolidge, was but the echo of a changing sentiment and appreciation of the beloved Harding. The people of Ohio gathered to do high honor to her illustrious son and the Memorial remains a lasting remembrance of a kind-hearted, generous, capable and home-loving



Thomas E. Robertson, U. S. Commissioner of Patents

president. On this day there were poignant memories of the genial Harding and his wife greeting the people on their front porch during that memorable campaign of 1920, when legions of little children received their recognition.

The occasion has inspired H. Ross Ake, an old friend to write lines that eloquently describe the feelings of many of the admirers and especially those who knew the unselfish and noble qualities of the twenty-ninth President of the United States.

WARREN G. HARDING

Wrought in the mighty image of his God,
Out of a bit of common earthly clay,
And destined to assume exalted place
Among the honored servants of his day.

Fate in its genesis was kind and wise,
For in the meek and unpretentious mould
It laid the keel of life in common birth;
Brot forth a soul in common brotherhood.

And not unlike a mighty rushing stream,
Whose waters roll in splendor to the sea,
Yet finds its source among uncharted hills
That lift its onward course to majesty.

His life rich in its love of human kind,
So filled the broadening channels of its trend,
That from its modest, rugged source it flowed
In gentleness and grandeur to its end.

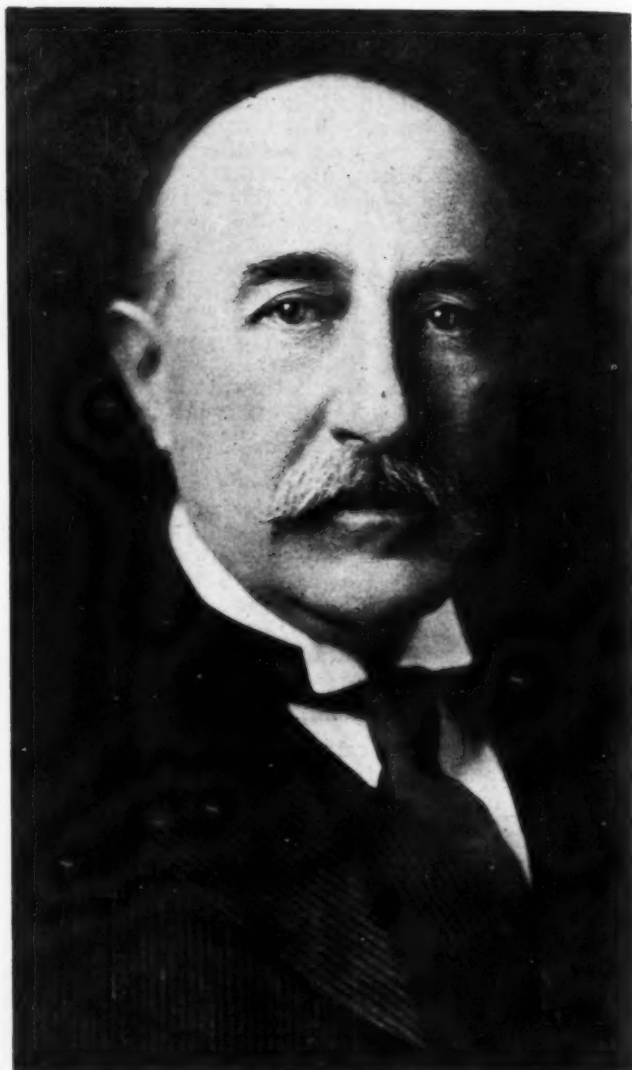
And as the real memorial to his worth
Emerges thru the veil of passioned mists,
A Grateful nation journeys to his tomb,
And humbly stands uncovered where he rests.

An attestation of a people's faith
Inscribed within the consciousness of men,
As tho by some unseen seraphic hand,
That knew the confidence reposed in them.

Loved, honored, mourned—The Annals of the great.
Eternal when in human service won.
Conceived in gratitude and born of men,
A living monument to duty done.



The late Warren G. Harding and his wife, greeting the children at his home in Marion, Ohio



John Hays Hammond

Huge blocks of faultless marble here obeyed,
The genius of the sculptors art, and then
At his deft bidding, rose in stately form,
To breathe their sacred messages to men.

Material things by nature yield to time.
Yet much survives that eons cannot mar,
Love, patience, faith are monuments that live
There went with him, in triumph, 'cross the bar.

—H. ROSS AKE,
Columbus, Ohio.

* * *

ALL Washington was air-minded in the early days of July. The feat of Wiley Post and Harold Gatty circumnavigating the globe in a little over eight days was nothing less than a nine day wonder. It lan's first circumnavigation of the globe, counted by years instead of days. Now York gave the intrepid aviators a royal welcome, but the climax was reached when they received the honors in Washington where they met the President at luncheon and told him of the menu that they had during their little whirl around the world.

Secretary Payne's Air Trip to Panama

The Assistant Secretary of War arrives in the Canal Zone for a tour of inspection in less than forty flying hours—Activities of Colonel Frederick H. Payne, Assistant Secretary of War, range from greeting Gold Star Mothers to inspection of line of defence by land and air

APPOINTED The Assistant Secretary of War, Frederick H. Payne found himself prepared for the work. Experience during the world War pre-eminently fitted him for the new tasks assigned. Serving as a major of Ordnance and district procurement officer, and assistant chief of the busy Bridgeport district, he was able to straighten out many of the perplexing kinks during the rush and pressure of keeping supplies going during the hectic days of 1918. Promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, he continued an active interest in the Officers Reserve Corps.

The biographic War Department record discloses that Colonel Frederick Huff Payne was born in Greenfield, Mass. and educated in the public schools of that city. As a boy and as a man, the residents of his town always identified Fred Payne as a busy individual. Early in his twenties he was appointed bank examiner in the state of Massachusetts and later became president of the Mechanics Trust Company and vice president of the Federal Trust Company in Boston, also serving as director of the First National Bank and Franklin Savings Institution of Greenfield, Mass. As president and later chairman of the board of the Greenfield Tap and Die Corporation, he had an extensive experience in manufacturing.

When the tall form of Colonel Payne, armed with his cane, appeared at the War Department, it was felt that busy times would continue there. In going over the details of his office, he applied the same system utilized in his business career, finding out just what he was doing and where and how matters could be improved from first-hand information.

Having to do with activities in the Panama Canal Zone a visit to the Isthmus was deemed imperative. An air trip was decided upon as enabling The Assistant Secretary to visit certain southwest Army posts enroute.

With little fuss and a gesture indicating action—came decision. Once decided the start was made with dispatch on a journey of four thousand miles by air to the Isthmus. The itinerary contemplated making the journey in six days. The big transport plane was to be in charge of Lieutenant Frederick V. H. Kimble of the

Air Corps, serving as Aide and Pilot for the Assistant Secretary of War.

On April ninth the tri-motored Ford transport headed south from Bolling Field at the national capitol, arriving in a few hours at Fort Bragg, North Carolina. After passing over Fort Benning, Georgia, where on the panorama below could be observed the maneuvers of the infantry troops, with a watchful observer swaying aloft in a captive balloon, The Assistant Secretary of War next inspected Maxwell

industry which has already been placed on a practical basis. The rain which had been falling for several hours began to slacken and as the low ceiling rose, the motors were warmed up and a start made for Brownsville, Texas, on the Rio Grande where another landing was made to "clear" the plane and passengers at the frontier for their entrance into Mexico. The checkered flag of the field manager fluttered a signal and the big transport taxied to the ramp and the party met the customs and immigration officials.

Favored with a tail wind, the great plane sailed off again over the white clouds down the Gulf Coast, passing enroute a north-bound Mexico City-Brownsville transport. "Ships that pass in the air"—day or night may be a theme for future poets. On the flight "Tampico—Vera Cruz," word was received of six Army planes passing northward.

About an hour out of Tampico the mountains which had been ranging along inland began to edge down to the coast. Seventy miles out of Vera Cruz the shoreline veered away to Pt. Delgada. The peaks below are 2,000 feet above sea level and on the landward side the mountains go up steeply to one of 7,700 feet, and further away to one of 8,900 feet. Crossing the shoulder of the peaks the plane passed suddenly from the green country below to parched land and great stretches of bare ground. Rippled sand dunes of large dimensions grew in number, while a very brisk "on-shore" wind carried the sand with it in a brown haze. A feeling of desolation came in on the wind, and was not carried away like the sand. Vera Cruz has an attractive harbor, encircled by a breakwater with Fort San Juan de Ulua in the center. Mr. Dawson, the American Consul, was awaiting

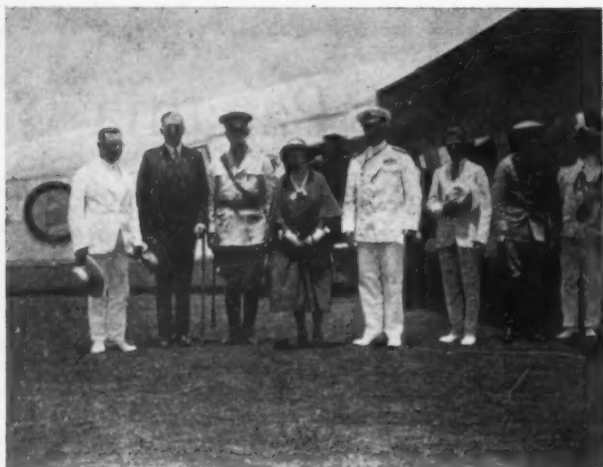
Secretary Payne's arrival at the airport. After servicing for the next day's flight, the party boarded the auto-car for the ten mile rail ride into the city of Vera Cruz.

Following a compass course of 140 degrees, the itinerary called for a trip across the Tehuantepec peninsula and through the pass to the west coast of Mexico. Leaving the bank of the Rio Papolopan, there is a large sugar central below, but the expansive plantation area soon merged



Colonel Frederick H. Payne, The Assistant Secretary of War

Field at Montgomery, Alabama. Two hours of flying from Montgomery and the Secretary with his party were enjoying the hospitality of historic New Orleans. From New Orleans the flight lay over the picturesque Mississippi delta country; east Texas to Houston; thence to San Antonio, famed in the days of early Texas history. A stop next at Corpus Christi. The airport manager there operates six planes in crop "dusting". This is a new



Gov. Gen. Burgess of the Canal Zone, The Assistant Secretary of War and Mrs. Payne, Maj. Gen. Preston Brown, commanding military forces Panama Canal Dept., and Admiral Irwin in command of Naval District, Panama.

into dense jungle. This leg of the journey disclosed that there was no place where a safe landing could be made on the mundane sphere below.

The blue line of the mountains to westward constantly mounted higher. Santa Lucrecia, a railroad junction, was noted below. The Tehuantepec National Railroad below winds a tortuous path from Puerto Mexico east across the Tehuantepec to Salina Cruz west—a great freight ferry in the days before the Panama Canal. Well into the pass, heavy clouds appeared overhead, but there was ample room beneath for the plane's passage. To the right the summit of a 7,000 foot peak is shrouded in mist, and behind that Mount Zempoaltepec, 11,000 feet high. East a heavy rain squall hid the range entirely. It was quite impossible to see their height, but reference to the chart showed them to range up to 7,480 feet. Clearly ahead appeared Rincon Antonio, the middle of the pass—and again the rich greenness of the jungle gave way to a brown and parched bareness. The lagoons south of Salina Cruz appeared in the distance and beyond, the Gulf of Tehuantepec as the transport plane finally started down the west coast of Mexico. During the dry season the smoke and haze from the burning brush and forest fires are often so thick that visibility is distinctly limited. At this time the haze was so thick that soon after passing the peak at Santa Rosa the mountain range inland was no longer visible. The narrow strip of white beach—useless for landing purposes—adapts itself splendidly as a navigational aid and can be seen for a short distance ahead. The lighthouse at San Benito was checked; twenty miles more and Ocas, a small railroad only, and the plane turned inland to follow the rails through the smoke to Tapachula.

This was the last stop in Mexico. The Secretary's party "cleared" through the Mexican officials and the journey southward was resumed. Champerico, a seaport on the Guatemalan coast, goes by underneath. The course was changed almost ninety degrees left toward the steep pass

leading to Guatemala City. The plane starts gaining altitude—the mountains are not yet visible, but when they do loom up through the haze sufficient height must be had to cross the ridge. Suddenly the air clears—there are the mountains, great rocky peaks, one 12,800 feet high to the left capped by a squall. The railroad below has started its serpentine way up a pass southeast of the mountain. The plane is 7,000 feet high, a thin streak of light ahead shows that the sun is shining beyond on the plateau. The peak to the right is 8,000 feet high. It is a magnificent scene. Across the top of the pass the plateau is in clear sunlight, with billowy white clouds overhead, a blue mountain lake below to our right. Guatemala City, with its many colors upon the plateau in the distance. This location marked the center of the teeming millions of population who inhabited central America even before the City of Mexico was founded.

Received at the airport by the American Minister in Guatemala, and Guatemalan officials, interesting hours were enjoyed in rambles amid scenes of an older civilization.

Two hours flying from Guatemala City and the plane arrived at San Salvador, in years past a journey of several days by mules over the mountains. "Off again and on again" the transport plane struck the coastline, crossed the Gulf of Fonseca, then Corinto, and inland to the ruins of earthquake stricken Managua in Nicaragua, where a landing was made at the Marine Corps field. Stopping only for fuel, the air voyage was continued to Puntarenas, Costa Rica. From Puntarenas the course for the first hour was along the coast. There is no beach; the jungle is thick to the very edge of the water and the spray from the light surf dashing against the abrupt coast line adds to the picture. A landing was made at David, Panama to refuel. There the party was met by an Air Corps Officer from the Canal Zone who had flown out to greet The Assistant Secretary. Conveyed by the tiny P-12 pursuit plane the last lap of the trip to Panama was started. With clouds drifting over the tops of the mountains and the sun playing upon the rich tropical foliage the two planes flew onward to their final port. Approaching Rio Hato the pilot of

the pursuit plane dove down to a field below to signal an aerial escort from Panama waiting below with motors idling ready to take the air and accompany the transport the remaining thirty miles of the trip. After circling Panama City the Secretary's plane landed at Patillia Point Airport while the aerial escort did acrobatics overhead in a spirit of gleeful welcome to the official visitors from the capital of the United States.

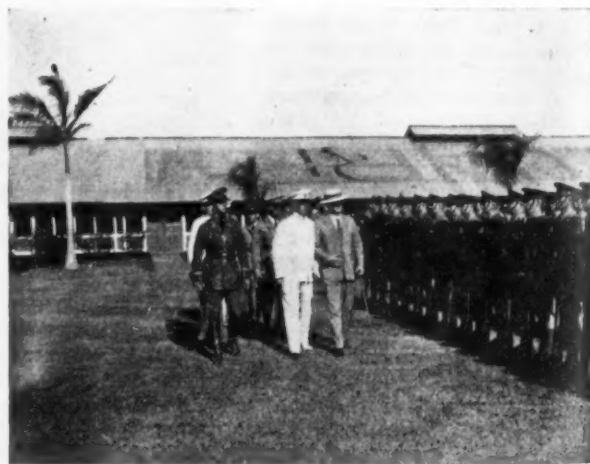
Since assuming his duties as Assistant Secretary of War, Mr. Payne has been called on to make many addresses. He speaks as he talks in conference with associates, enthusiastically and graciously. He understands how to adapt himself and his plans to any occasion. Recently he was called on to present to the Spotsylvania Memorial Association a marble headstone to mark the graves of seven hundred and fifty Confederate soldiers who fell at Spotsylvania during the Civil War. His tribute to the valor of the brave lads who wore the gray who died in this tragic struggle was especially impressive coming from the lips of a New England soldier.

In the routine work of the War Department, it is paradoxical to find that the problems of peace time activities are as imperative as those of war times. The constructive work that is associated with nearly every phase of the activities and welfare of the people touches at some point the operations of a department that is popularly believed only has to do with preparations for war and national defense.

The welcome given Colonel Payne on his visit to Virginia inspecting the area in and around Petersburg, with a view of considering its adaption for a national military park, was most enthusiastic. A typical New Englander born and bred he was accorded a reception of kin folk by the hospitable people of the old Dominion state. The warmth of their welcome was most heartily reciprocated and appreciated by Mr. Payne.

The War Department has traditionally been in charge of men chosen from civil

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The Assistant Secretary of War with Gen. Preston Brown, inspecting Guard of Honor at Quarry Heights, Canal Dept.

Lure of the "Northwestern" Vacation-Land

The road that leads to the happy hunting ground of the Indians and the fishing retreats and presidential playgrounds in the northland of the lake where Calvin Coolidge fished and recreated with Herbert Hoover away from official cares

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

WITH a longing vision of vacation days, I was looking at a map of the United States. The red lines indicating the railroads seemed like life-giving arteries that carried the resuscitating vigor of live-giving corpuscles to the nation. This has been the healthiest year in the history of the country—there is a reason why.

In the center of the map of the United States, around what might be called the throbbing heart of the country, I noticed the segments outlining the line of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway. They seemed to radiate and lead to the most invigorating vacation-lands of the world, as naturally as all roads lead to Rome.

It did not require literature to inform me that the breezes of the lake-lands of Wisconsin were refreshing, bathed by the cool breezes from Lakes Superior and Michigan, to say nothing of the myriad of inland land o' lakes. It was the happy hunting ground of many notable tribes of Indians and still remains the retreat for those seeking the full value of fresh air and restful communion with nature during the months we are privileged to spend out of doors.

With time tables as a chart and a tiny railroad ticket as a passport, without even a thought of fishing tackle or luggage, I fairly galloped through the milling throng at the Northwestern station on a hot summer's day. There was no mistaking the trek was northward, for this seemed to be the veritable gateway through which the northland exodus was pouring. Everyone carried the anticipation of "the good time had by all" reflected in the happy countenance of those few then returning from their all-too-brief respite from an arid summer existence amid hot pavements and



A strong of beauties

baking oven walls of the city.

The whistle of the train moving out was like a bugle call to the woodlands that fascinated Marquette and the French voyageurs in their early expeditions. The route followed some of the old Indian trails on to the same old forests that sheltered heroes of early days.

"The morning after"—as they say in the movies—with a breakfast inoculated with oxygen, with a deep breath once more indicating full capacity of my lungs—the day was started. The wigwams and canoes and the cottages all gave one that thrill of primeval life which nurtured a sturdy

race of pioneers. It was not long before we were face to face with descendants of the original red men preparing for a tribal dance, while the children laughed and played around these north woods like elfin fairies to the music of birds. It seemed as if the smile of a loving Creator was expressed in the sunshine. Play days were planned with the enthusiasm of youth. Every vista in this fresh-air wonderland brought the thrill of adventure. Could one ever forget those explorations far afield with the same spirit of discovery that inspired Columbus to sail west from the Azores? The old guide was there to initiate the tenderfoot who within a few days was "paddling his own canoe" and baiting his own hook.

No wonder that the two living presidents of the United States have found most captivating recreation amid these scenes that lead to the famous Brule, Wisconsin, from which both former President Coolidge and President Hoover have fished. In this section visited by Father Marquette, the "fishing" has been good for nearly three centuries according to verified historical chronicles.

The cool refreshing breath of the woods greeted me, when booted like a deep-sea diver, I plunged into the rushing stream, hoping that a trout might find the hook. Splashing along, I challenged with waving rod and tangled lines for a piscatorial battle with some gay and festive trout.

The soothing quietude was paradoxical amid the ceaseless activity of swaying leaves and bending boughs overhead. The murmuring waters during that afternoon nap suggested later turning on all the faucets in the bathroom in my city apartments and through the door hear the music of splashing brooks, with an ice cooler rig-

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An Indian family in their native dress

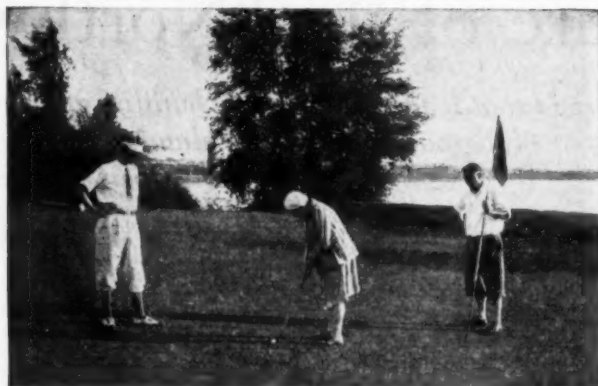


Where all is quiet and nature reigns supreme

The Lure of the Northwestern's Land o' Lakes



A charming and inspiring vista



Splendid golf courses in the lake region of Wisconsin



The Indians, with their tribal dances, are a great attraction in the Great North Woods Country



Typical of many of the attractive camps in the Great North Woods of Wisconsin



Waterplaning is a popular sport on the northern lakes



Horseback riding where the trails never end



At one of the many attractive camps for girls



A scene at one of the many camps for boys

Amid the Charms of Alasa Farms

How Alvah Griffin Strong of Rochester took up Farming as a vocation and transformed an area of old farms into a pastoral retreat on a practical basis of making farming pay as an organized institution

WHEN I made my pilgrimage to Alasa Farms, I felt that my dreams as a farm lad had crystallized into a reality. It was a day when the good old summer time was at full tide. The highway along the shores of Lake Ontario were skirted by farms that date back a century or more and reflect romantic days with the stolid comfort and brick houses indicating the sturdy spirit that made farms pay and support large families. It was this sort of domicile that nurtured and developed many of the men who are now world leaders. Nestling on a commanding hill was the old Shaker Manor House, the summer home of Alvah Griffin Strong. Surrounded by buildings that indicated that Griffin Strong had tackled the farm question in a practical manner, the home was just "comfy" and redolent with the atmosphere of a place to live and enjoy close and active contact with the great marvel of nature in the sowing and reaping—and living.

Mr. Strong was inspired to become a farmer by a visit to the old Shaker headquarters, who established an ideal of community living but did not seem to consider the future, for few active Shaker colonies remain in the country. Boyhood contact with the kindly handshaking farmers on Sodus Bay left an impression upon Griffin Strong. With the purpose of taking up farming because he loved it, he purchased the old Shaker Tract and added to this many farms of rolling pasture lands, fine orchards, and wooded groves, threaded with bubbling streams and shady lanes. He established his headquarters and followed up the work begun by the Shakers in breeding short-horned cattle and hogs and horses, as well as dogs and chickens. He began and has continued it as an enterprise thoroughly organized on a business basis.

Dating from the location of a grist mill prior to the revolution and to the time when farmer-patriots defended their homes in Sodus Bay in the War of 1812, on to the Shaker settlement in 1823, the community life has developed around the old Shaker "meeting house ideal." The Utopian dream of the Shakers was not to be real-

ized by them. Their property came into the possession of Fourierists, who also failed in their communistic plans. Under the inspiration of Mr. Strong, grandson of the late president of the Eastman Kodak Company, Henry A. Strong, the old Shaker Tract after a century is fulfilling the dreams of its founders in making the pursuit of agriculture an idealized but practical reality. Near the farm in the village of

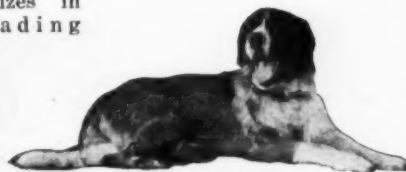
Alton are located the railroad station and business headquarters of Alasa Farms, Inc., which has contributed so much to the history of short-horns. Housed in model barns are representatives of almost every example of animal husbandry, including a large variety of dogs and hackney ponies that have won prizes in the leading

of the largest in New York state. In the peak year, over one hundred thousand bushels of luscious New York State apples were marketed and shipped in crates made on the farm from the timber from the virgin forests. Every part of the apple is utilized in cider and by-products, with all waste eliminated by careful spraying and systematic harvesting.

The primeval forest makes Alasa Farms



Some of the Ponies



Alasa Farms Kennels.
Husky, Whippets and St. Bernard.



horse shows of the country. Embracing many acres of virgin forests with a timberland of 850 acres, the farm is one

a paradise for partridge, pheasants, deer and wild animals generally. There are four miles of water frontage, where yachts and other water craft dot the shining harbor on Sodus Bay. The farms on the Tract



A Scene During the Apple Harvest

are worked on the Shaker plan of building up a production suited to the soil and environment. On each is a real farmer who co-operates enthusiastically in the plans to make this enterprise a model of modern agricultural enterprise. Tractors are used to some extent. Every fruit tree is numbered and an account kept of its production. Harvest time is a picture at Alasa Farms and continues from early spring vegetables to June haying, on to late fall because of the wide variety of production. There is a community spirit that suggests the old Shaker idea, for the supplies came from Alton Supply Company, owned by the Farm, which provides an advantage in co-operative buying and also allows the neighboring farms to enjoy the benefits accruing from the application of modern business methods as well as the one of modern equipment in tilling soil.

In all my travels I have never found a spot where one can find that restful and yet active contact with nature than in the area of Alasa Farms. It did not seem possible that this little empire of agrarian triumph was located within an hour's drive on good roads from Rochester, N. Y., to the south shore of the famous Sodus Bay, which has already established itself as an ideal recreation center. Altogether Alasa Farms seemed an example of composite farming, developing everything that was possible in the invigorating climate and productive area of the Empire State. One could picture scenes on Alasa Farms every month in the year that reveal all the romantic thrill of the seasonable temperate zone which has produced not alone a wide variety of crops and products necessary for the food and comfort of humankind, but also been the background out of which has come the vitality of men and women who have been leaders in their day and generation, partaking of that strength and solidity and permanency that are reflected in nature's processes, with nature at its best.

If there is one place on earth that should be associated with the

cherry tree made famous by George Washington, it is the Alasa Farm district. To look upon the surrounding landscape in Cherry Blossom time is to look upon a scene classed with the national trees of Japan in all their glory. Cherries are a classic in this Ontario country. A process of chilling cherries has been used that brings them to the householder in pound packages or tins almost as fresh as when picked from the tree, retaining all the lusciousness associated with the romance of cherry-picking days in June.

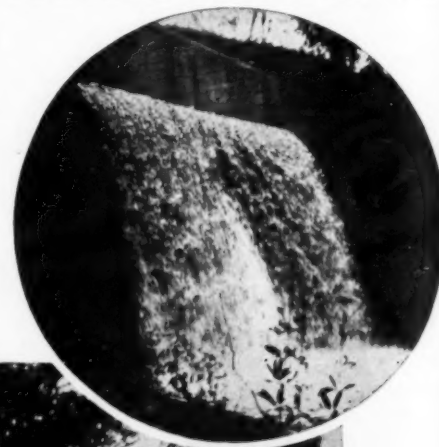
Conservation and efficient utilization of all products of the soil are subjects that have fascinated Griffin Strong from early youth.

"I cannot tell you why I took up farming. Although there were many other vocations and professions open to me, I loved to see things grow on a farm, and when I am asked the question as to whether farming pays, my reply is 'That depends on how

well you like it.' To me it has paid intangible dividends in the way of satisfaction—a sort of a feeling of spiritual contact with the great wonder of wonders known as Nature to some, and the great Creator to others. Farming is associated with the idea of health, strength, and vigor, and the farmer must find himself a veritable partner with God and a definite factor in the productive forces of the world."

After a visit to Alasa Farms, one is impelled to see agriculture as a composite of useful occupations. There is house building to do as well as fields to till. There is no wonder that the farmer clings to the ancient traditions of his fathers of tilling the soil, for it seems at times a sacrilege to change the manner and method of providing daily bread and sustenance.

Surrounding this merger of management and ownership, a large number of summer colonies fringes the shores of the lake populated by many people seeking rest and recreation. Looking out from the slightly eminence, one views a pastoral scene of flocks and herds, fruit-bearing trees, fields of grain, and gardens of vegetables and flowers, all intermingled like a brilliant tapestry. The heavy draught horses working in the fields side by side



Top.
Waterfalls
in one of
the two
streams



Below: The Old Shaker Manor House, Now the Summer Home of Alvah Griffin Strong.

indicate that the faithful friend and helper of mankind will maintain its place on the farm. As Mr. Strong remarked: "One cannot feel that a farm is a farm without the faithful horse and patient ox, who can never be disassociated from any pastoral scene."

His interest in hackney ponies has proven a profitable phase of his operations, for he has won prizes and developed the sort of horses that win the universal admiration of mankind. After months and years of patient training, even the pace of the horse is developed, producing high steppers and giving a fashion and beauty to the equine thoroughbreds. The ponies pattering around the track, the high-stepping pacers and the trotters form a striking side picture. Mr. Griffin Strong has been able to interest people in farms, ranging from those persons fascinated by the simplest of rural surroundings, on to those who are fascinated by the lure of the horse shows and the state fairs. Alasa-trained animals have performed on the tan-bark in some of the greatest horse shows in the country from New York to the west coast. The beauty and impressive appearance of these animals are often the result of long months of expert training and preparation for the exhibitions.

Rambling about the old Shaker House Manor, the guest feels that he shares equally with the others all the joys of the environment. In the home are three young daughters, the elder of whom has already shown her prowess in the handling of horses, in this respect taking after her mother, Mrs. Strong, who makes a beautiful and striking picture as she drives her ponies at many of the prominent fairs in the country to the great admiration of the large throng of horse-loving people, and especially her husband and family. Although the horse show season is an exhilarating phase of the activities on Alasa Farm, it is, after all, only incidental to the great work that Griffin Strong is doing on

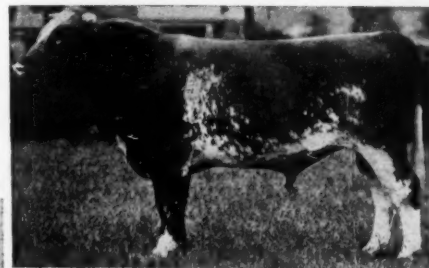
the sixteen hundred acres which he has coordinated into one of the most picturesque and practical examples of modern farming. He confers with neighbors and his farm people with the conviction that there is always something new to learn in the great laboratory of Nature that is



Alasa Farms Shorthorns and "Bessboro Musician," Prize Bull

open to the wondering and reverent mind in the routine of life on the farm. The influence of this is far-reaching, encouraging many young men of wealth, as well as those starting in life with nothing more than a sturdy physical body and a determination to make their way in the world, in a way that brings the supreme production of all life, happiness, contentment, and a never-ending urge to sow and to reap, to plan would seem that this approximates a complete and inspiring cycle of human life.

The community spirit that prevails on farms is indicated at the store at Alton where supplies of all kinds used on Alasa Farms are handled. This provided a decided advantage in making purchases in large quantities which saves a pretty penny during the year. While the store is operated chiefly for the convenience of operating Alasa Farms, the advantages



Alvah Griffin Strong, Alasa Farms



Winter Scene Showing a Few of the Farms Buildings, Sodus Bay in the Distance

are passed along to neighboring farmers, so that the surrounding town folks patronize it liberally and secure a large share of their supplies there, because of the lower prices occasioned by large consignments. More than this, the store has established a neighborly relationship among all that live in the vicinity. This store is the rendezvous for the rugged and quaint characters of this part of the country, where the aggressive and energetic policy of Alasa Farms is dis-

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Sitting for a Modernistic Portrait

The Editor of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE finds himself moored for a sitting while a magic cubist portraitor pens his impressions in cold irregular black and white lines.

WELL it had to come some time! A modernistic artist was hovering about. With a winsome wave of the pencil—he had me.

"Must have an impressionistic sketch of you—one that catches those deep-etched lines of character and—well, maturity, may I say—that stand out in your countenance. With angles we catch the curves—now—still a moment—till I catch that eyebrow shadow!"

And there I was sitting in my swivel chair, looking as simperish as a bridal couple sitting for their first photograph together, with "her" leaning so trustfully on "his" shoulder.

"Poise just a moment till I corral that bunch of wavy hair—and we will have your soul-spirit—that black spot in your leonine locks embalmed in a Cubist halo."

The pencil wandered idly making the sketch as I continued the pose. The artist was boring deep into the paper with a black pen to find air and with a triangular touch gave the object a nose. The chin was lost in the clouds encircling the lower hemisphere of the jaw indicated plainly on the diagram—sent on application—two cents extra for postage.

Half-tones seemed to flatter more than ever after a plunge into the effervescent exhibition of modern art that makes music of noises, creaks, screeches and other things incident to modern life, but here was a face silhouetted in a smoke screen.

Witnesses were called to identify me as the living subject of the lines after the sketch was printed. I escaped—because none would have me in the flesh as the model of the handsome modernized character immortalized in black and white lines.

"There's a 'motif' in that picture that suggests Julius Caesar hungry for Saturday night beans, or Einstein fiddling while discussing a new theory that would explain the old," was the only consoling comment I heard.

"Ring out the old—ring in the new" I thought appropriate captionization—a title for a music score in a sound movie.

"Never submit to the mid-Victorian jingle of Tennyson," said my modernistic friend, "or you lose the soul perspective that comes in the stirring discords that give us the rich symphonies of the distinctive 'blues' of each city in the nation from St. Louis to Kalamazoo. The step with the rhythmic syncopation some call jazz—and others the dance of inmates in a psychopathic institution, but the portrait of the editor of the 'National Magazine' is herewith presented 'in person'."



That is the Question—Who is it?

Line by line the work proceeded and the result blooms on this page as a tribute to these swift-moving times. The type you are reading remains much the same sort that Gutenberg glorified, but the illustrations "illumine" they say just as the handpainted initial letters drawn by the monks began the chapters in the old books now selling for millions. Well, if some future collector should ever find this picture of the editor of the "National

Magazine" as he impressed an artist, A. D. 1931, he will surely be considerate enough not to let it find the traditional fate of the Sears Roebuck catalogue, for these were the days when toilet paper was toned to harmonize with the towels and bathroom fixtures.

The process of making this cut was somewhat primitive,—a bit of linoleum pasted to a block of wood, and a chisel that must have had something of the genius of Albrecht Druer of Nuremberg, for in these rough outlines a portrait can be visioned if you look long enough and hard enough and do not hold your imagination in leash. The artist, Sydney Royce, desired to give full play to his conception of simplicity in modern art. The highlights and shadows are at least indicated in the diagram, although the lines are somewhat rigid. The only thing that is lacking is the widow's peak on the forehead, which is found in the portraits of the young man with a modern haircut. One might judge the cheek and jaw as they would the graceful lines of a new automobile model, and yet seriously, when one friend viewed this cartoonistic sketch he commented:

"You know, I can see personality shining through those black and white spotsches that somehow suggests to me the individuality of Joe Mitchell Chapple. One feels that he might be thereabouts, and it is certainly more than a mere label. It makes you look a second time to find out what it is all about."

The modernistic portraits possibly give a melange of moods that reflect the diet of the subject—reflecting nightmare and acidosis with bicarbonic effects.

There will be no prize offer of sending you this photo on request by radio or by television—you can tell of your vision of the epochal "modernistic" impression of an editor that stands out in the effulgent radiance of a new art that may be in embryo, but persists in blooming with the July gladioli like a gladiator in a hockey match. It is already settled that this particular likeness will not be shown in the treasured family photograph album.

Biographic Flashes of Screen Folk

A Thumbnail Sketch of people whose faces are familiar on the shimmering screen—Temperaments that run the gamut of human emotions as seen on the screen

A MONTH is as twenty years in Screenland when compared to a lapse of time in the days of Rip Van Winkle. Old Rip awakened after sleeping a score of years but found changes no more startling than comes between the tickets for "top liners" at motion picture theaters. Into the successive thrill of the late sensation merge the magic of memories, while the fans are already discussing some new picture or a new star that shoots out of the firmament hanging over the enshrouded Hollywood of Filmdom.

Despite all this there are certain names that persist in the shimmering screen. There are favorites who continue to hold their "following" no matter how many world-startling pictures, or comets may be announced on blazing billboards betimes, like Barnum's "greatest on earth."

When Charlie Chaplin decided to write, direct and play "City Lights"; there were smiles of derision among envious rivals and the "unknowing" but they reckoned not in what lies beneath that world-famed derby.

"Two years elapse"—as they used to caption in the old time movies—and two million dollars expended. Like a whirlwind appears the King of comedy in the most pretentious production of his career called "City Lights" which even made Broadway

triumph for the classic pantomime which has ever been the foundation of dramatic art. Actions still speak louder than words. The inimitable Charles Chaplin has stormed human diaphragms with laughter which



Charlie Chaplin

again girdles the world with a circle of smiles as "City Lights," makes its round the world tour.

Virginia Cherril the Chicago society girl who was cast in the leading feminine role in Chaplin's latest picture classic, never dreamed a few years ago of becoming identified with motion pictures. At the Hollywood American Legion Stadium she occupied a ringside seat. Charlie Chaplin in a natty sport attire spied the young miss applauding the men in the ring. The following afternoon a party of four visited the Chaplin studio. Miss Cherrill was a member of the group—but she did not know why. Posing for pictures she was next induced to have a screen test made. "The following morning" as the old caption goes, Virginia Cherrill was under contract to play with the King of Pantomime. Chaplin tersely replied "Why do I continue to make non-dialog films"? Twirling his imaginary moustache he continued: "Because the silent picture is a universal means of expression. Talking pictures necessarily have a limited field. They are held down to the particular tongues of particular races."

Borzage, one of the greatest motion picture directors of the country. A third of a century ago he first saw the light of day in a valley surrounded by snowcapped mountains; since that time he has turned on the light and directed with a stern command of camera some of the most successful motion pictures of the time, the list includes: "Seventh Heaven" produced with an impressive silence and "Song of My Heart", a singing romance with John McCormick at his best, and Alice Joyce tuned in for the mother heart throb touch.

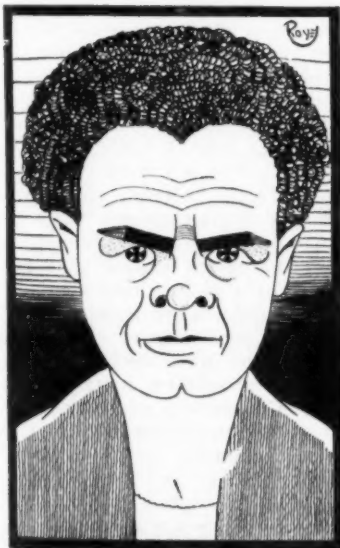
Borzage was to the theatre born where he began as a property boy and proceeded with character parts, meeting the late Thomas Ince. He was able to prove his ability as a leading man. In the height of his success as a featured and popular actor he decided to become a director and cast aside all halos as a hero of the screen to give full play to his creative genius through the megaphone. "Humoresque" was his first big hit followed with "Secrets" and "The Lady".

THE popular screen favorite, Norma Shearer found a popular young screen mate in Neil Hamilton. He was born in Lynn, Mass., the city made famous as the home of the immortal Lydia Pinkham. He can not claim a theatrical genea-



Frank Borzage

ology, although as a high school boy in West Haven, Conn., he had theatrical ambitions and "invested" his savings in theatre tickets with dreams of becoming a "wild westerner." When the first big opportunity came through D. W. Griffith



Charles Bickford

blink. It was a daring challenge and the crusader with flapping shoes, and baggy trousers waved his cane aloft and led the charge on the box office. It was not merely one more "successful" picture. It was a

TIME was when one thought of Salt Lake City as the location of the big Mormon Temple, now it is known to movie fans as the birthplace of Frank

he was ready for the role of John White in "The White Rose". As proof that he is a beau ideal for the movie fans it is said that he is the original "Arrow Collar" man who attracted the admiration of the fair maidens in street car advertisements even before he appeared on the screen



Neil Hamilton

where the mute model moved and spoke, suggesting a modern Pygmalion and Galatea where the statue inanimate came to life through the magic power of an artist's dream. In "Strangers May Kiss" he proved one of the most popular "lovers" on the screen who thoroughly understood osculation.

BEFORE me was a tall young man towering over six feet—flaming red hair, blue eyes, athletic built—in training for any bout that might come along. He answered my query "Mr. Bickford?" with a twinkle "The same descended from Irish rebels, most of them hung. Does that answer your question?" After this, conversation flowed freely and I learned that he was born on the first day of the year—some years ago—in classic Cambridge, Mass., on the banks of the Charles. A student at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology he left school to sail around the world. He tried it again with Roosevelt's fleet and chatted interestingly concerning incidents which had nothing directly to do with the picture business. Out of the background of these related experiences I could understand why Charles Bickford so successfully portrayed "Dan" in Kathleen Norris' "Passion Flower".

Combining the role of a devoted father and ardent lover he acts as one who had "seen the world" and mellowed under the influences that either wreck or save many men. First playing in a stock company with dreams of the bright lights on Broadway young Bickford hitched his wagon to dreams of becoming "a star". When he was cast to play the role of Oklahoma Red. "Outside Looking In" he was ready for the blaze of electric lights.

Over night the auburn actor found himself a sensation and acted accordingly, following up his success with a number of other outstanding hits in New York while Hollywood magnates were listening in. Then came his opportunity with Cecil DeMille in the sensational "Dynamite". Others followed in quick succession establishing Charles Bickford as a popular featured player. In the spotlight of success he did not lose his balance but continued acting himself off the location and he has continued repairing automobiles in his garage, looking after his hogs and the racing Russian wolf hounds which constitute a contrast in his circle of animal pets. The artist, Mr. Sydney Royce has given us a modernistic cartoon sketch of the ubiquitous Charles Bickford at his best. The halo has been removed but the mass of auburn hair and angular eyebrows remain with the witching dimple in his chin accentuated at an artistic angle.

LIKE a fairy elfin Marilyn Miller danced her way into life, suggesting a welcome sunbeam. At the age of five she became an integral part of the "Five Columbians" and began her stage career as a tiny tot with a sunny smile. Her mother and father were on the vaudeville stage when the little Marilyn was born "on the road" and she has since sang her way into the hearts of a legion of admirers. She will always be associated with the theatrical success of "Sally" and "Sunny" on Broadway—when she entered the screen area there were misgivings. The "talkie" pictures gave her full play for the charm of a personality that had won popular fame on the stage.



Marilyn Miller

The pictures will ever recall happy memories which like Tennyson's "Brook" will sing on and on in the light of the flickering screen. Photographers insist that Marilyn Miller has more good angles for a portrait than any other woman living. That is why we choose to have that artist idealize a portrait sharpened with the sharp angles of modern art to bring out further tests of the piquant fascination

that is associated with the name or portrait of Marilyn Miller.

HAILING from Helena, Montana, Gary Cooper has ridden fast and furious into Screenland fame. "City Street" provides full play for the he-man



Gary Cooper

actionful star. For once out of uniform and laying aside the chaps and lariats of the cowboy he dashes about in civies with Sylvia Sydney for her first real try for fame in film land. Gary Cooper carries his atmosphere with him in a modern day action drama enacted in the grim black shadows of a high towered city. Perforce Gary Cooper must continue as a crack shot to keep the old formula going. He made his first pilgrimage to Los Angeles to get a job as an artist, little dreaming that a few years would find him a popular motion picture actor drawing a salary that made the old gold prospectors of Montana gasp when they read the figures modestly marked on the corner of the weekly check that was handed to gay Gary Cooper after six days of work on "location." This setting did not have a suggestion that goes with a "paystreak" to the old miners. Playing with the popular actress Marlene Dietrich in "Morocco", Gary Cooper proved himself fully "oriented". His father who has served many years on the bench insists that he is a good judge of a picture that does not preclude handing down his decision that "City Streets" is a good picture. As an impartial witness he also declared he could testify to the further facts concerning one Gary Cooper as an actor who can make sound pictures without the "Coopers Chorus" or hammers.

AND it is old, yet it's new, too, so new in fact that we've not seen anything on the order recently, and that is a "movie" depicting the wholesome, sane, happy family life that does go on around us, the so-called "eternal triangle" books, plays and "movies" to the contrary, notwithstanding.

Continued on page 398

The Dauntless Spirit of Patriot Days

The Fourth of July may be old-fashioned, but the spirit of the Declaration of Independence goes bravely on in the observance of Patriot Days—"Let not Tradition Fail" a Slogan of 1931—Text of a radio address by the editor

IF the need ever arises for a modern Paul Revere, he may be given the signal by a searchlight from a skyscraper, "One if by land, two if by sea, three if by submarine and four if by airplane," but the radio is now working at Lexington, and in all the realm of ether, and travels at a pace of 186,000 miles a second,—the speed of light itself.

We still hear echoes of the clattering hoofs of the horse that carried Paul Revere to Lexington to sound the alarm.

While Patriots' Day is Paul Revere Day, it is a holiday of outstanding international importance. Was not the drum beat at Lexington heard around the world, and did not the embattled farmers at Concord Bridge answer the challenge of the light in the belfry tower?

There are people listening in at this time who looked upon the face of General Ulysses S. Grant, then President of the United States, who celebrated Patriots' Day at Lexington in 1875, which indicates the wide scope of national interest that led to making April 19th a state holiday in 1894.

On the eve of Patriots' Day it is appropriate that we gather and hear "The Landlord's Tale" written by Longfellow, recited in every school room in the United States. It is not necessary for me to repeat the poem. The opening lines are a fitting overture to the thrilling event to be celebrated tomorrow:

*"Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in seventy-five;*

and then follows a thrilling tale of the world's greatest moving picture in our national history—the real "Birth of the Nation." Then come the details and incidents of the race against Time, for the fate of a nation was riding that night.

*A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the need of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.*

My first real remembrance and interest in American history came with hearing the lines of Longfellow's poem read by that beloved school teacher who now sleeps in the hills of New Hampshire. She described her visit to the old Granary Burying Ground where the mortal remains of Paul Revere rest; amid the seething activities of modern days in Boston town. She told of standing on the deck of the Old Ironsides, the

frigate "Constitution", whose copper plates were made by Paul Revere. Then at the recitation hour was described the intrepid Revere, who, disguised as an Indian, led the Boston Tea Party, which dumped three hundred and forty-two chests of tea into Boston harbor. We were shown the copper plate engravings he had made representing the "Boston Massacre" and other stirring scenes of historical interest.

executive head and leader of the Mechanics' Charitable organization which provided this great meeting place for the people.

While several of the other colonies were hesitating, waiting to see what Massachusetts would do, was it not Paul Revere who pleaded with Sam Adams to withdraw his opposition and bring Massachusetts into the Union of states by the adoption of the present Constitution?



THE READING OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE AT THE OLD STATE HOUSE, BOSTON.

When I arrived in Boston, my first pilgrimage or sight-seeing tour was over the route taken by Paul Revere. Then I pictured him, in the prime of manhood, aged forty, astride his horse, riding furiously down through the lane of stone walls—arousing a patriotism that continued on through the centuries in the land associated with the adventurous spirit of the early patriots.

The preparation for Patriots' Day of 1775 had continued on for one hundred and fifty years since the landing of the Pilgrims—a longer time than has elapsed since our Republic was founded. The messages of Paul Revere were the result of the longing among the people of the colonies to create in the New World a land of the free.

Whenever I attend a function at Mechanics Hall, I think of the building as a monument to the ideals of Paul Revere, the

While it is customary to consider Paul Revere's ride as the dominating event on Patriots' Day, there is a great deal back of this impulse to set aside this date as the beginning of springtime in New England, when the pilgrimage is made to the summer home to see how things have fared during the winter, and what are the prospects of summer. Today I made my annual pilgrimage to Boston Common. The tulips in their colorful array seemed like bells ringing out the glorious spirit of patriotism. The grass was green. The children were playing in the same joyous spirit of centuries past. Roller skates on the pavements, swifter than chasing the hoops of the old days, swans in the pond, man and maid in the light of the slender shadows, young mothers and fathers out with the children feeding the doves and the squirrels. Many of them here make their first contact with nature.

Wandering on to Fox Hill in Charles St., I stood on the very spot where the British soldiers in gay red uniform gathered on that eventful night for the attack on the farmers at Lexington and Concord, to quell the spirit of revolution. There were whispered orders and muffled drums that later sounded the retreat marking the outstanding victorious hopefulness that came with the first Patriots' Day in 1775.

Massachusetts has the distinction of having this national holiday all to herself. A third of a century ago, our Commonwealth began officially observing Patriots' Day. It commemorates a day of international interest and only this week marks another Patriots' Day for ancient Espagna in the creation of a new Republic.

Sometimes I wonder whether it would not be a good thing for every state to have a Patriots' Day—to select some particular event that has special patriotic significance. My thought is that any individual who does not have a thrill of patriotism has no right to live in the United States. It might be well to deport some of our native-born, as well as the aliens, as far as their usefulness at patriotic American citizens is concerned. Edward Everett Hale gave us the tragic picture of "A man without a country" and I am afraid there are some of the species left.

The word "patriot" comes from the Latin "pater" or "father". This word is especially appropriate in the United States, for we think of Washington as the Father of our Country.

It is our land, for the national anthem rings out with the opening triumphal sentiment, "My country 'tis of thee" attuned to the environment of rocks and rills and woods and templed hills of Massachusetts. Is the soul of anyone so dead that it does not respond to the spirit of patriotism when he hears the children reciting the story of Paul Revere and Lexington and Concord? If so, he should be included among the forty thousand aliens Uncle Sam has scheduled for deportation.

There is an alarm to give today—against the attacks of sovietism and Communism that threaten American homes and institu-

tions even more directly than the cannon and musket of the British soldiers in 1775.

This is a day of the twice-told tales. From the lips of Ambassador Charles G. Dawes, I heard the story of his forebear, William Dawes, who rode by another route to give the alarm. The details of his ride are not preserved in verse, but they have been handed down generation after generation, from father to son, as folklore, reflecting the traditions of the Dawes family, whose members first settled in Naumkeag, near Salem, Massachusetts, and later moved to the West. William Dawes was guided by on to the West. William Dawes was guided by the same signal and he carried the same call for volunteers, in the stress of war or in times of peace, the descendants of William Dawes have answered the roll call. Years ago I met Charles G. Dawes in a smoking car, en route to Washington. We sat up late talking that night, and he modestly referred to the fact that he was going to visit places in Massachusetts associated with the memory of William Dawes. It seemed like a fitting sequel to the story of Paul Revere's ride, told in terse sentences, without all the glow of poetic picture. In the long wait on that eventful night in 1775, William Dawes had selected the swiftest horse that he could find. He sat in the saddle, patting the horse on the shoulder, while straining his eyes—watching for the light in the belfry tower of the Old North Church. He was to take another route and give the alarm to the farmers who lived along the road. Muskets were ready over the hearthstone. The stars that night seemed to bring a new hope to young Dawes. The horse was champing at the bit, when came the signal, and off he dashed to make history with Paul Revere, who was chosen as his trusted lieutenant on this eventful night. Perhaps if the name of Dawes had rhymed with "hear" like "Paul Revere," there might have been another poem concerning the great cause if someone had realized that it had rhymed with "Dawes."

Other members of the Dawes family have been prominent in the history of Massachusetts and the nation. As United States Senator Henry L. Dawes served Massachusetts many years and his name

will ever be associated with legislation helpful to the American Indian. Rufus Dawes was a Boston-born poet of distinction in the early part of the last century. And now comes Rufus Dawes in Chicago, a brother of Ambassador Dawes, heading the greatest Exposition the world has ever known in Chicago, in 1933, still carrying the message of progress.

Today Charles G. Dawes, American Ambassador at the Court of St. James in London, represents the country his forebears helped to create and is saluted by the red-coated soldiers as Buckingham Palace as a messenger of Peace on this very Patriots' Day, 1931. The musical composition "Melody in A" which he composed is heard with a stirring prelude of "Yankee Doodle" and revolutionary days.

Patriots' Day is not only a day for serious thought and celebration, but it is about this time that the baseball season opens in Washington. This week I saw the President of the United States throwing the ball high over the battery of cameras that announced with a salvo of clicks the opening of the season at the National Capitol. When I saw that smile on the care-worn face of the President of the United States and that twinkle in the eye, I thought of the opening of the season in Iowa when the lad Herbert Hoover played "ante over" with a ball of discarded yarn provided by his mother. There is something about Patriots' Day that inspires the activities and the alertness characteristic of the American people in the spirit as exemplified in the adventurous ride of Paul Revere. It is one day when we catch the spirit of the Minute Men symbolized in the statues on Lexington Green, and at Concord Bridge.

It is one day when citizenship can rally to the high call of patriotism and give a passing kindly and helpful thought to the President of these United States who is the one leader chosen by a majority of all the people of the country to carry on through storm and sunshine the destiny of a nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the high ideals of patriotism which we celebrate on this day.

BOSTON—1931

John M. T. Ahern

When all our favored members come
To this great city, they should know
The glamor of romance that clings
Around its shrines of long ago.

Old Boston Common, Blackstone's gift,
Long held a menace to the Crown;
And Beacon Hill, where later stood
The ancient Pharos of the town.

The old South Church, the old Town House,
That bred resistance in the state;
The famous cradle, Faneuil Hall,
Where freemen sealed a nation's fate.

The hallowed spot where Attacks fell,
The chamber where the troops were tried;
The verdant slopes of Bunker Hill
Where Prescott fought and Warren died.

The belfry of the old North Church,
Where comrade signalled Paul Revere;
The measured course of his wild ride
That lures its thousands every year.

The fateful bridge "that arched the flood,"
Where pilgrims still are wont to stray;
The lonely graves beside the stream,
Where foemen sleep and strangers pray.

The smooth green sward at Lexington,
Where minute-men once made their stand;
The heights where Washington encamped
And drove invaders from the land.

Grim Castle Island, Winthrop, too,
Dismantled strongholds of the sea;
Old Griffin's site, where tea-ships lay,
Despoiled of their ill-fated tea.

Copp's Hill, time-honored Granary,
Where rude stones mark the pioneers;
King's Chapel and its quaint old graves
That have withstood three hundred years.

Favorite "Heart Throbs" of Famous People

An Interesting array of "Heart Throbs" favorites chosen by eminent personages—The story of the poem or bit of verse or prose that has touched their hearts and is still associated with tender and cherished memories

MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

The Author of So Many Charming Stories quotes from Amy Lowell's "Sword Blades and Poppy Seeds"

It was not so many years ago that Vassar girls were making prophecies of a brilliant future for Margaret Culklin Banning. The promise of her girlhood has been richly fulfilled. She was born in Buffalo, Minn., and after her graduation she took important courses at the School of Civics and Philanthropy of Chicago. Soon her short stories made their appearances and later the more continued performance—books.

Those who are familiar with the work of this author must duly appreciate her discriminating taste, her unusually keen analysis of character—more especially the character and temperament of women. "Handmaid of the Lord" and "Women of the Family" reveal this insight, and "Presure" is captivating.

Mrs. Banning's home is in Duluth and she is a member of the Authors' League and one whose broad interests embrace important movements.

"I have wondered," writes Mrs. Banning, "just what is my favorite selection of prose or poetry. I was thrown into some confusion because it never had occurred to me to make such a decision. At first I thought it must be Francis Thompson's 'Hound of Heaven.' Then I thought of my love for Fiona McLeod's 'Rune of Women.' Then I wavered to prose and Arthur Machen's entire 'Hill of Dreams.' After all, I am sending you the simple, almost sentimental bit from Amy Lowell's 'Sword Blades and Poppy Seeds.'"

Sweep clouds to scatter pattering rain
We live within a day light world,
Lit by the sun, where winds unfurled
Surely the age of fear is gone;
And then blow back the sun again.

"Miss Lowell quoted this bit herself in autographing a volume of her poems in 1917, a volume which belongs to me."

While many other verses by Miss Lowell are often quoted as favorites, such as "Patterns," this choice bit carries more hopeful philosophy in its five lines than does many an essay.

CHARLES L. EDGAR

The President of the Edison Company of Boston appreciates Joyce Kilmer's Tribute to God and Trees

Associated closely with Thomas Alva Edison in early youth, Charles L. Edgar, born

in Griggstown, N. J., educated at Rutgers College, graduating in 1882, was one of Mr. Edison's "boys" who have become pre-eminent leaders in the electrical world. The first college degree bestowed on the Wizard of Menlo Park came from the Alma Mater of Charles Edgar. At the age of twenty-three he entered the employ of the Edison Electric Light Company of New York, which was at that time something of an experimental proposition. He became chief engineer of that company a few years later, but in 1898 was transferred to Boston to take charge of the Edison Electric Illuminating Company of Boston, with which he has been connected ever since.

In his work at Boston, this devoted admirer of Edison has built up one of the largest electric illuminating plants in the world. The Edgar Station, built at Weymouth in 1923, still remains one of the finest in the world and an outstanding achievement in electrical equipment. The picturesque location is in an environment associated with the earliest settlement of America.

While in college, Mr. Edgar knew the parents of Joyce Kilmer, the poet, a small lad, who later attended Rutgers. A great lover of nature, it was logical that he should choose Kilmer's classic tribute to Trees as his heart favorite:

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the sweet earth's flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

How impressive it is that one who had devoted himself to electrical development should choose a poem on Nature for a heart throb. In all his activities with the National Electric Light Association and American Academy of Politics and Social Science, Mr. Edgar has kept very close to the human equation as indicated in the wonderful development of the radio station WEEI of the Edison Electric Illuminating Company of Boston, which was christened "The Friendly Voice" early in the development of radio, and provides an unusual program covering sixteen hours of the waking day.

DR. RUSSELL HENRY STAFFORD

The Pastor of the Famous Old South Church in Boston names as His Favorite the Hymn which was sung at His Ordination

When I asked Dr. Russell H. Stafford, pastor of the Old South Church in Boston, for his favorite poem, he told me:

"I have to confess with shame that in general I do not like poetry. The only verse I have really enjoyed in English—I make an exception for the Greek poets and those of the classical period in France—is that of Browning, which, despite its highly wrought technical form, is more strongly philosophical than poetic. I am something of a devotee of free verse, especially of Walt Whitman, Edward Carpenter and Amy Lowell. But my favorite poem is undoubtedly a hymn by F. R. Havergal, which should be sung to the tune 'Holley.' This hymn was sung at my ordination in the Central Congregational Church of Brooklyn, New York, on May 29, 1914, and is regularly sung in my church at the service nearest the anniversary of that occasion. It seems to me to summarize as no other utterance does, and with an infusion of warmth appropriate to the subject, the aspiration which governs my ministry."

Lord, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone;
As Thou has sought, so let me seek,
Thy erring children lost and lone.

Oh, strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the rock, and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

Oh, teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

Oh, give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

Oh, fill me with Thy fullness Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

Oh, use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where,
Until Thy blessed face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

A native of Wauwatosa, Wis., where he was born in 1890, Russell Henry Stafford received his early education in California. He attended the University of California and was graduated from the University of Minnesota with the degree of B.A. He also holds other degrees, including M.A. from

the New York University; B.D., Drew Theological Seminary, and D.D. from the Chicago Theological Seminary. During the war he served as chaplain. Dr. Stafford has held pastorates in Minneapolis and St. Louis, and in 1927 came to Boston as pastor of the famous Old South Church.

WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

The Popular Author Discovers His Heart Throb in Masefield's "Cargoes"

Years ago a young man of wiry form and thin face came into my editorial office and declared that he was going to write fiction for THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE. He did an article on Mexico, illustrated by his friend, the late Arthur Hutchins, that attracted widespread attention. It foreshadowed in its vivid imagery and graphic description the makings of a novelist. The name of the young literary aspirant was Wilbur Daniel Steele. He drifted to New York and met with the usual battle, won his audience and was given the spurs of an aggressive, productive career in literature. He made his summer home at Provincetown on Cape Cod and every story he depicted, with its vivid paragraphs, enlarged the circle of admiring readers until he had no difficulty in engaging attention of editors. Mr. Arthur Vance, formerly editor of the *Woman's Home Companion*, and now of the *Pictorial Review*, looks upon Wilbur Steele as a sort of a literary son, and presented him to the New York State Federation of Women's Clubs at their annual banquet as his favorite author with a frankness and undisguised affection that was impressive.

Wilbur Steele made an effort to respond, located high up among the "seats of the mighty" at the head table. The microphone and the audience of handsomely-gowned women before him were too much for the modest author. He insisted he would have welcomed the click of a typewriter as he tried to put words together while on his feet, but the words would not stay on their feet. The audience called, "Louder." His voice resounded back to the amplifier, "Don't worry, you're not missing much." Then and there he publicly declared, like Booth Tarkington after a similar experience, that this was the last time that he would ever face the banquet footlights. When he had finished he made a dash for the check room to catch the train to go back to his new home in South Carolina and continue work with his loved typewriter and keep the characters in his new stories moving. With hat in hand, and breathless after his adventure, Wilbur Steele sat right down and said, "I'll tell you my real heart throb—John Masefield's poem, 'Cargoes.'"

Quinquireme of Nineveh from distant Ophir,
Rowing home to haven in sunny Palestine,
With a cargo of ivory,
And apes and peacocks,
Sandalwood, cedarwood, and sweet white wine.
Stately Spanish galleon coming from the
Isthmus,
Dipping through the Tropics by the palm-
green shores,
With a cargo of diamonds,
Emeralds, amethysts,
Topazes, and cinnamon, and gold moidores.

Dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smoke-
stack,
Butting through the channel in the mad
March days,
With a cargo of Tyne coal,
Road-rails, pig-lead,
Firewood, iron-ware, and cheap tin trays.

At his request, I walked along with him through the corridor until he had repeated, without so much as the omission of a stop or a comma, every verse of Masefield's matchless poem.

Greensboro, N. C., is the birthplace of this famous author. He was graduated from the University of Denver in 1907, and afterwards studied at the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, at the Academie Julian, Paris, and the Art Students' League, New York. The O. Henry Award Committee bestowed prizes upon him three different years, one being for maintaining highest level of merit for three years among American short story writers, and he has also been the recipient of the first award in the *Harper's* short story contest.

ELIZABETH RETHBERG

The Grand Opera Star favors Goethe's Lines as Her Heart Throb

Music and poetry—always hand in hand—reminded me that the collection of heart throbs would not be complete without the favorite poem of one who has achieved such musical triumphs as Elizabeth Rethberg. To say that this great singer has been appointed the president of Guild of Vocal Teachers—a large national organization is to hail her as one of the most remarkable artists of her time. She has done a vast amount of artistic work and has sung with five different opera companies in only six months' time.

Those who were privileged to attend the performance of "The Egypt Helen" by Richard Strauss will recall the sensation created by Madame Rethberg in the opera house of Dresden. After that triumph she hurried back to America to appear in "Ravinia," where she sang in twenty-four performances and eleven different roles. She has had her eighth season with the Metropolitan Opera Company.

Elizabeth Rethberg was born in the Erz Mountains, in the little town of Schwarzenberg, Saxony. She received her musical education at the Royal Conservatory of Music at Dresden. She appeared in opera at nineteen, making her debut in "The Gypsy Baron." From that time on she has sung in all the most important opera houses in Europe and America. Her debut in America was in "Aida" at the Metropolitan, after which she made a tour of the United States, singing in sixty different roles.

Madame Rethberg is dramatic in her work, a lyric and coloratura artist. She was naturalized at the time of her marriage in 1923.

Considering her nationality and her loyalty to the country of her birth, it was expected that she would give Goethe as her favorite poet, one who contributed not only to the literature of Germany, but who as

Minister to the Duke of Weimar, was a man of power in an executive position. Goethe's name is among the immortals, and his vast store of creative work must remain as a marvel to generations. Out of that mass of work, dramatic and poetic, Madame Rethberg chose the simple but tender lines:

Peace breathes along the shade
Of every hill.
The treetops of the glade are hushed and still,
All woodland murmurs cease.
The birds to rest within the brake are gone,
Be patient, weary heart, anon
Thou, too, shalt be at peace.

The beauty of the German language must lose something in translation, but the spirit remains. Perhaps one of the most exact renderings is that of the verse which has served as a hymn,

Of all nature's thousand changes
But one changeless God proclaims,
So in art's wide kingdom ranges
One sole meaning, still the same.

This is truth, eternal reason
Which from beauty takes its dress,
And serene thro' time and season,
Stands for age in loveliness.

Among the various distinctions accorded Madame Rethberg one should mention that after her success in the role of Rautendelein, there came a special mandate from Mussolini that the work of his countryman Respighi, "The Sunken Bell," should be given in the Royal Opera House of Italy with Madame Rethberg in the role which had made her famous.

CLARENCE DARROW

Darrow's Favorite Poems Deal with Life and Death

During the monkey debate with the late William Jennings Bryan, at Dayton, Tennessee, Clarence Darrow wiped the perspiration from his forehead. Running his thumbs up and down his suspenders, leaning forward and then backward, with his eyes closed in meditation, he suddenly lifted his face, looking not much like the horned demon that he has been pictured by his opponents and replied to my query:

"What is your favorite poem or bit of verse—something that has touched your heart." He immediately began to quote from the Rubaiyat of Omar Kahyyam:

"Awake for the morning in the bowl of night
Has flung the stone that puts the stars to
flight;
And Lo! the Hunter of the East has caught
The Sultan's Turret in a Noose of Light

Dreaming when Dawn's left hand was in the
sky
I heard a voice within the tavern cry,
'Awake, my little ones and fill the cup
Before Life's liquor in it's cup be dry.'

And, as the cock crew, those who stood be-
fore
The Tavern, shouted, 'Open then the door!'
You know how little while we have to stay,
And, once departed may return no more."

It was amusing to see the shocked look in the face of the Great Commoner, who was listening, as his antagonist quoted "... before life's liquor in its cup be dry."

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The Watson Way of Helping Others

One of the legion of sturdy Americans who insist on doing good and helping others without anyone knowing about it - Expressing faith in the future an everyday obligation in a business career.

OFTEN times there are men among our acquaintance in a busy life on whom we would like to hang a halo of achievement. Without a peg of public notice on which to pay a tribute, I still insist that there are millions of "unknowns" in this country who have achieved great things, and yet their entire circle of acquaintance may only include a small group of people at the time of their passing. There are men whom we have met only a few times in the lapse of many years who have left a memory of genuine sincerity and friendliness that is cherished.

Years ago a kindly act came to my notice. The one who did the act asked me never to mention his name in connection with a most worthy deed. He seemed to shy at his own noble impulses to do good. He began life as a worker and rose from the ranks. He had the courage to launch a business and provide a payroll for fellow workers at a time when it involved a hazard of losing his own life savings, and yet he never sought popularity. He believed in payrolls, and yet was called a pessimist by some, because he never permitted himself to be properly appreciated by the public. Asking few favors for himself, he was always ready to help others, with a stern proviso that no one should know about it. He spent many hours in giving counsel and advice that helped others to make their way. Some called him stern and exacting, but he was ever obsessed with the idea of justice, but by act and deed was an irredeemable optimist, although he was ever warning of the shoals ahead. He had a loyal faith in the city of his adoption, which never wavered through good times and depressions, and to the last refused the temptation of mergers and consolidations that would in any way deplete the revenues of the citizens of his home town, and he maintained to the last that independence of action and courage that made him a dominant leader for over fifty years in Attleboro, Massachusetts, the home of his adoption.

* * *

In the very year that the Forty-Niners were making the rush to California, Clarence L. Watson was born in Smithfield, Rhode Island. He attended the village school, but dreamed of the time when he might go to Providence and earn wages, rather than work on the farm. His interest in machinery led him direct to a tool maker's bench. He put himself heart and soul into the work. Everything he did reflected integrity of purpose. He was

thrifty with a purpose in early life, for he was ambitious to establish a business of his own. With a modest bank account, he started a small jewelry factory in 1873 in company with three others. It was the beginning of an industry that flourished, and in later years was sending its products all over the world. This group of jewelry firms located in Attleboro were competitors in one way, but through the combined excellence of the various lines identified the name of Attleboro with a



The late Clarence Watson

superlative quality of product. The original firm of Cobb, Gould and Company finally became The Watson Company. The ability of Clarence Watson as a financier led to his selection as head of the First National Bank which he served for over twenty years as President and Chairman of the Board of Directors. His remarkable memory, quick decisions and sound judgment served well in bringing about the results which he had unerringly outlined in carefully considered plans. The little groups gathered at his home during the hours of crisis solved many a vexatious problem under his leadership. He was even called to Boston and to Providence many times for counsel and advice in a crisis, and was a director in several outside banks.

* * *

It was during the war that I first met Clarence L. Watson, modestly sitting at a table directing various drives for Liberty

Loans. His heart and soul was in the work, and all that he did at this time will never be known, although he received a citation from the Government in appreciation of his services. His faith in fundamentals stood out firm and secure, while others were panic-stricken. He was a patriot because he first believed in his own city, state and nation, and that his own fortune was indissolubly interwoven with that of his neighbors and fellow-citizens. In a quiet way he kept in close touch with civic affairs, but was averse to having his name mentioned as a leader. He preferred to help through others, and was keenly anxious that all concerned receive proper credit before his name was reached. I have sat in his library and heard him chat like a philosopher and statesman on world affairs, current events and the philosophy of life. A stout, kindly man with his grizzled moustache, he seemed like any mild, home-loving New Englander, sitting there in his quiet retreat, but I knew that, in another atmosphere of business, his demeanor could become stern and cold and his voice like that of the captain of a ship! Here, though, his tone was pleasantly modulated and his dark eyes glowed with interest in the discussion of his favorite themes. He believed in young people, and was ever ready to help, but he never forgot those who had made their big struggles in life, and who had the problem of old age and want to face. An accident made him an invalid in his last days, and it was then that the stalwart ideal of loyalty to his home town asserted itself as he steadfastly declined to permit the control of his property and industry to pass on to out-of-town interests or to an absentee ownership. He believed in the close personal contact and cooperation between employer and employee that had made New England a great industrial center.

He had not only weathered many industrial storms and depressions, but had helped many others to reach the port that enabled them to sail on to years of prosperity. Although outwardly of dignified and stern demeanor, I have seen him put his hand on the arm of a friend, and not only point the way but help him find the way out of distressing difficulties, as I later discovered. And yet at the time he called it "just a social call," when actually he was guarding the sensibilities of a rival and competitor in business.

* * *

In the long chat that night I came to know that inner self of Clarence L. Watson, for we talked well into the night, and

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HITTING THE HIGH SPOTS

with NIXON WATERMAN

Pass It On

And now good Mr. Hoover lets
The Old World drop its fetters;
And may the Lord forgive our debts
As he forgives our debtors.

During Hot Waves

Until the days grow colder
We'll hold our friends more dear
If they'll give us the cold shoulder
While the burning heat is here.

A Chance For The Rest Of Us

Now "Cal's" quit writing for a while
So it won't be quite so tough
For men who haven't been President
To sell their humble stuff.

Uncle Nathan's Opinion

If you don't know that lots of times
You've been a fool, I'll bet
Most anything you say, by jing!
That you're a durn fool yet.

Reciprocity

The poor folks have to walk, that's so,
Which isn't pleasant, still
Whene'er the rich a-riding go
They have to "foot" the bill.

No Chance For A Lazy Man

The rate at which they're making jobs
So every one can work
It's really getting rather hard
For loafers who would shirk.

Push it Along

This moratorium notion
Is a darn good thing, I'll say,
And I'll try it on my grocer
And my landlord, right away.

Dreaming and Doing

It's not what one "might do," we see,
That he should brag about;
Although he's "got it in him," he
May never get it out.

A Quiet Tip

You may try without winning,
There is no denying,
But you'll find it still harder
To win without trying.

A Winning Tip

Boy, here's a simple tip,—if you
Would win, remember that
The only one who can pull you through
Is the fellow who wears your hat.

Toward Success

Do well the little duties thrown
Within your path and, later,
You'll find each one a stepping-stone
To lift you up to greater.

Where She Excels

When he says her culinary art
Is tinged with a sad mistake,
The "sauce" she gives him is lots more tart
Than his mother used to make.

A Pertinent Query

Said Chappie: "When the sun would fry my fat
I wear a cabbage-leaf inside my hat."
"Think you," the maiden innocently said,
"Tis any better than a cabbage-head?"

Shady Characters

'Twould seem fine to minds reflective,
While the sun so fiercely glows,
To have a cool detective
Shadow one where'er one goes.

The Kicker

The man bent on complaining finds
The world all bent and twisty:
The fairest skies, to foggy minds,
Are dark and pessimist-y.

A Plea

If you have gracious words to say
Oh, give them to our hearts today,
But if they hold a shade of sorrow
Pray keep them till the last tomorrow.

Futile

No man is likely to advance
Who won't pitch in and take a chance.
It's idle to sozzle in the shade
And expect a fortune ready-made.

Look it Over

When folks don't "take to you" 'tis well
To labor to discern
What's wrong and see if you can tell
If it's your fault or their'n.

Ain't It The Truth

"The cussedness of inanimate things!"—
Would there was some way to avoid it,
But a man never knows that a loose garter shows
Till every one else has enjoyed it.

A Big Crop

Jones preached economy to his wife
Until it bore good fruit,—
He's had to give up smoking and
Must wear his last year's suit.

What Music Means to each one of us

Radio has proven that music is an essential in a well-balanced everyday life—What are we doing to help musicians of today and recruit the ranks of artists necessary to continue the supply of popular music

WHAT does music mean to you and me? If we should realize just how much it concerns each individual, we shall then be able to appreciate the vital place of musicians in the lives of the American people.

We will have a country without music if we do not support and continue the training of musicians. This means more than recruiting a profession; it means supporting the background out of which great careers in other pursuits have flowered, because of an early training in music.

Have you ever thought how humans first began to respond to musical instincts? It was an outburst of primal emotions, exemplified in folk songs and later in grand opera and symphony and later jazz.

At first human feeling was expressed in a monotone, one note, even a moan or shout of joy. As the feelings varied, the scale developed, until the depths of harmony were sounded and blended with the magic of melodies.

Happiness and love have their tones running in a cadence of hope; anger and anguish are expressed in unmistakable action of despair. Aspiration, ambition, all of the complexities of life are revealed in some arrangement of the eight notes of the octave. All through the ages of man music in some form has been the voice of the soul and an essential need as breath itself in the life of human beings.

A large percentage of the radio programs are made up of music. Thirteen million sets are now in use, chorusing the appreciation of music and musicians.

As for myself, I count those early days when I was driven to practise at the piano, sometimes being locked in a room and made to play the scales on a violin, as the basis of inspiration and discipline for other activities.

I am going to give you a glimpse of my earliest musical remembrance—the soft strains of my mother's piano floating down to me through an upstairs window. After a battle with pneumonia I was permitted to sit up and breathe in again fresh air in the magic hour of high noon. The comforter was placed over the old rocking chair. The tender and happy expression on the face of Aunt Sue as she tucked me in, reflected mother's smile.

"Listen, little man, mother is playing for you." I may have heard the piano before, but I could not recall a definite consciousness of a song until I heard mother below singing and playing, "Rock-a-bye, baby, in the tree top," as I looked out upon the leaves of the big maple tree that seemed to be singing with her. That song was the overture of my musical consciousness associated with the voice and memory of mother. My first remem-

brance of band or instrumental music was the "Big Four Quickstep" that the home band learned to play, because it was the prize selection in the Barnum Circus that had come to town that summer and had given the idea of having a cornet band.

In fifty thousand contributions to my book, "Heart Songs," edited by Victor Herbert and George W. Chadwick, the heart favorite of the largest number was "Swanee River," while over twenty per cent named Stephen C. Foster as the composer of songs that had reached their hearts.

Come, Will Dodge, drop that baton and tell me of your first musical remembrance. Wait a moment, he is thinking.

Mr. Dodge:

Mr. Chapple, it was a song sung to me by my mother as I leaned against her knee and looked up into her face. That tune seems to have been my musical awakening. As she sang "Just a Song at Twilight," I recall looking at a sunset through the window, and pleaded with her to keep singing it to keep the dark away. That, Mr. Chapple, is the first music I recall hearing as a song.

My father had a brass band in Natick in which he played the trombone. He took me to a rehearsal one day and I saw them all in new uniforms. They were playing, as I afterwards learned, the first Harvard march. It made my heart go faster and my toes tingle. I suppose that is why I took up music as a profession.

Now I turn to the historian, Mr. Humphrey, who appears before me like a beardless lad—and yet carries volumes of information about music in his head.

Mr. Humphrey, what was the first bit of music that you remember coming to your ears?

Mr. Humphrey:

A weepy song sung to me by my nurse, entitled "A Coffin in the Baggage Car Ahead." The tears I shed over it gave me the first realization of the power of song, and for a long time I was afraid to have anyone sing because it made me cry.

I first heard band music in front of the court house in Towanda, Pennsylvania. The gallant members of that band stand out as epauletted heroes in my memory playing the strains of "Hail, Columbia," which at that time occupied an important position as a patriotic selection, and was oftener heard than "The Star Spangled Banner." Later I discovered that "Hail, Columbia" was one of the first pieces of band music to be composed in the United States. It was called the "President's March," and was composed about 1794 in honor of George Washington. Following its first popularity as an instrumental piece, words were fitted to it in 1879

by the lawyer-poet Joseph Hopkinson, and it became the national song we hear today.

An impressive illustration of what a knowledge of music means in building a career outside of the profession of music is given in the life of Charles G. Dawes, American Ambassador to Great Britain. Years ago I met him in a smoking car of a Pullman, en route to Washington. He was humming an air as he was shaving. With the lather on his face, he was following up the discussion of the night previous when I interrupted and asked him the name of the composition he had just written. "Melody in A," he tersely replied. "You mean 'A Melody?'" I queried innocently, as a pun. He resisted throwing shaving brush at me, but it was there I learned that Charles G. Dawes was a composer as well as musician.

A little later he was appointed Comptroller of the Treasury by President McKinley. From that time on his career is well known to the people, even on to the days during the World War when the spirit of his revolutionary forbears asserted itself. He left his desk as a bank president and volunteered for service under the flag as his father before him had done during the Civil War. The one hobby of Ambassador Dawes has been music, evidenced in his support of the Civic Opera in Chicago and helping many a famous artist to a career.

Attention was focused on this American diplomat abroad when his "Melody in A" was played in London, recalling the experiences of Benjamin Franklin, who with his knowledge of music interested the French people in the struggles of the new Republic.

Calling on Charles M. Schwab at his home one morning, I was ushered into the drawing room. He was busy on the telephone and courteously asked me to make myself at home for thirty minutes, and try his new piano. "Don't be afraid of disturbing the neighbors," he said with that irresistible Schwab smile. I went to the instrument and picked up Rubinstein's "Melody in F," for I remembered playing it at a school graduation. Well, I fumbled along, striking more blue notes than could comfortably fit in the measures of the score. My fingers lacked the agility of early day underpasses—thumb under. While I was engrossed in trying to untangle my digits, Schwab returned, leaned over my shoulder, and pointed out to me how to handle that troublesome run—giving me a real music lesson. The story often told of how as a mule boy in the steel works he played the piano for Andrew Carnegie at the mills is a myth—but it has gone the rounds.

The recent appearance of Elihu Root in Washington making his great plea for the World Court recalls an incident indicating

A Daughter of the Stars

One of the most thrilling stories ever written by the world-famous novelist, who has few equals in the art of drawing life-like word-pictures

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

CHAPTER XII.

THE first part of our program we had faithfully carried out. We had dined remarkably well, and at the Empire we were unexpectedly amused. Neither of us had been to a music hall for years, the program was a good one, and we threw ourselves into the spirit of the thing with a common desire—the desire to forget.

Maurice had telephoned for a box, and we lounged in comfortable fauteuils sipping our coffee and smoked very excellent cigars. More than once we assured one another that we were enjoying ourselves very much indeed, which so far as I was concerned was really not very far from the truth. Then in the midst of a song, Maurice suddenly sat bolt upright, his cigar slipped from his fingers, and a look of blank amazement came into his face.

"What is it?" I asked eagerly.

For a moment he did not answer me. His eyes were fixed upon a certain dark corner in the promenade. I, leaning over his shoulder, could see nothing. I questioned him again eagerly.

"It's that damned High Priest!" he exclaimed breathlessly. "I never forget a face! I'll swear to him!"

I sprang to my feet, without any definite idea as to what we were about to do. Maurice threw open the door of the box and elbowed his way down the promenade. I followed him! A few yards beyond the cigar stall, a man was leaning against the wall leisurely smoking a cigarette and watching the passersby. His unusual height made him the object of some attention, to which he seemed absolutely indifferent. He was perfectly dressed in evening clothes, and the details of his toilette were all in exact accord with the latest decrees of fashion. Only a few yards from him we paused. Maurice was right. He had shaved off his beard! but his was a face there was no possibility of ever mistaking. It was the High Priest!

Suddenly he recognized us. He seemed in no way discomposed. A faint smile parted the corners of his lips. He nodded pleasantly.

"How do you do?" he said.

Maurice took a long breath and looked at me. I looked back at him. Certainly our vis-a-vis had the advantage of us so far as composure went.

"What the devil are you doing here?" Maurice exclaimed bluntly.

The High Priest frowned.

"You might, I think, make use of more courteous language towards a stranger in

your wonderful country," he said mockingly. "Have I not the right to be here if I choose?"

"Oh, certainly," Maurice answered. "Have you brought the island with you?"

He lit another cigarette carefully before he replied.

"No, my connection with Astrea ceased two years ago! My brother has now succeeded me. For many hundreds of years the men of my family have served in Astrea as Priests to their strange religion. My term now is over. I have resumed my proper name and position. I am not unthankful."

"May we know your proper name and position?" Maurice asked in a dazed manner. This thing was almost past realization.

"Certainly. Permit me."

He handed us a card from an exquisite little morocco case. On it was engraved:

"Prince Singhisten"

"I am really an Indian, as you may have assumed," he continued calmly. "Without any desire to boast, I might remark that I own a territory a little larger than your country, and that my family have held it for a thousand years. I mention these things as you seem still to look upon me as a sort of charlatan. Between the people of Astrea and the people of my province there has been a close bond for many hundreds of years. Some day I will tell you the whole history, if you are interested."

I ground my heel into the thick carpets. There was no doubt as to our whereabouts. We had not wandered back into the Arabian nights. We were still at the Empire.

"Come and have a drink," Maurice said suddenly. "I want to be sure that you are not waxwork."

The Prince laughed softly and followed us down the promenade—a noticeable and commanding figure. Maurice ordered a bottle of wine. We all three sat down at a table together.

"How many more snakes did you bring over?" I asked abruptly.

The Prince set down his glass and reflected.

"There are only six more, I believe," he said. "Three died on the voyage, and you killed one this morning, I understand. I have no doubt that six will be plenty, though," he added. "If not, there are other means."

I could not help it. I burst into a fit of laughter which was half hysterical. Maurice looked at me in bewilderment.

"Nothing less than my life will satisfy you then," I said. He looked thoughtful.

"Well, I am not sure," he said. "I believe that if you would prefer to live, some arrangement might be made."

"Well, I should like to know the terms, anyhow," I said. "I don't care for your snakes at all. Your first one has killed my favorite dog."

"I am exceedingly sorry," the Prince answered. "You see it had not eaten for a week. It is better that they should be starving. It was very unfortunate that the dog should have got in the way. They like dog."

"What the devil are you talking about?" Maurice broke in. Some inkling of the truth seemed to be dawning upon him. I laid my hand upon his arm.

"Never mind, old chap, I will tell you presently. Will you give me your address, Prince Singhisten? I will come to see you and ask your terms."

"With pleasure."

He wrote on the back of a card and handed it to me. "Donchester House!" Evidently he was a millionaire.

A woman, spreading herself out like a butterfly with gorgeous wings, came and sat by our side. She dropped her handkerchief at the Prince's feet. He restored it to her with a courtly gesture, but took no further heed of her blandishments. He sat between us, sipping his wine and smoking with the air of a man thoroughly at his ease, enjoying alike his company and his surroundings. I feared him more at that moment than I had done in the Temple of Astrea, or on board the "Cormorant."

"London and Buda-Pesth," he murmured, "are the only cities in the world in which one lives."

Maurice answered him—they drifted into an easy conversation, whilst I sat there only half listening. At last he rose, looked at his watch, and declared regretfully that he must go.

We strolled along the promenade together. At the entrance he turned to me.

"If you should favor me with a visit tomorrow," he said, "would twelve o'clock suit you?"

"I will come at that time," I answered.

He nodded and strolled buoyantly away. Maurice and I re-entered our box and sat down facing one another. I told him then of the narrow escape I had had the night before. He was dumbfounded.

"There is absolutely nothing which we can do," I said dejectedly. "If we go to the police they will treat us as lunatics. I don't believe even that we have either of us a friend who would believe our story?"

"I don't believe we have," Maurice echoed. "You are going to see him tomorrow?"

"There is very little to hope for from that," I answered. "I have an idea what his terms will be."

"Do you think—do you mean—Sara?" I nodded.

"You would not help him?"

"I would blow his brains out first," I answered fiercely.

CHAPTER XIII.

IT was as I had expected. The Prince's terms were—Sara! He received me in the magnificent library of Donchester House, which looks out upon Hyde Park—curiously enough, I had been in it often before, the guest of the man who had leased it to him. Nothing appeared to be very much altered, and yet somehow the man's presence seemed to have diffused an odor of orientalism about the place. There was a curiously pungent perfume about the hall and the room, and the servants were white-turbaned, copper-colored Indians. The Prince was in riding clothes of English cut and make, and had evidently just come in from a gallop.

"I am glad that you have come," he said, rising as I entered the room. "Try the easy chair at your side. Will you drink? Smoke? No! Very good! To business then."

"To business!" I repeated thoughtfully, setting down my hat upon the table.

"You are young," the Prince commenced, "and you are a westerner—that is to say, you do not know philosophy. Fatalism is only a term of the schools with you. You are physically brave enough, but you value your life, and you want to preserve it!"

"Doubtless," I admitted.

"For the sake of argument," the Prince continued, "we will take for granted what is certainly true—that your life is at my disposal. You come to ask me the terms on which I withdraw my claim upon it. Good! I answer you. I want the missionary's daughter Sara!"

"Then you will have to wait forever," I answered hotly. "I would die many times over sooner than see her in your hands."

The Prince waved his hand, a gentle, deprecatory gesture.

"It will be better for us to perfectly understand each other," he said. "I do not desire anything irregular. I wish to marry the young lady according to your English customs, and I may add that I intend to make my permanent home in England. I am very rich, my rank will find recognition here, my wife will be a princess, and I do not fancy that even among the daughters of your nobility I should have any difficulty whatever in finding a suitable wife. But of that, no more! The only woman whom I shall marry will be—Sara! With your aid or without it, I shall marry her! She is the only woman who has ever eluded me. Consequently she is the only woman who has ever excited within me any interest."

I had heard enough! The man maddened me! The idea of Sara, the woman

whom I loved, being so coolly discussed by such an ineffable blackguard kindled a quick passion in my heart, and sent the blood coursing hotly through my veins.

"I will hear no more," I cried, reaching for my hat. "Sooner than see her married to you, I would shoot her. But, thank God, that will never be! If there is one man on this earth whom she loathes and detests—it is you!"

"Women are so unreasonable," the Prince murmured. "But then, too, you are young—when you are older you will know that there is very little difference between the hate and the love of a woman! It is her indifference alone that is fatal! I have some power over men—a little over women! Stranger things have happened than that her hate may change into love."

"Not while I live," I cried passionately.

"Decidedly not," he assented indulgently. "But then we must not forget—you are not going to live. A week or two is positively all you have to look forward to!"

"We shall see," I answered fiercely.

"You may be a charlatan, but you are not omnipotent. I may yet have a voice in my own destiny and in yours. What if I were to pull this trigger?"

A little pocket revolver without which I never stirred a yard now flashed from my pocket. I leaned across the table towards him. The muzzle was within a few feet of his cheek. He did not flinch for a moment.

"If your object is to live," he remarked, "you would immediately defeat it."

"We are alone," I answered, "who could tell that it was not an accident?"

"Look behind you and see," he answered.

I glanced over my shoulder. There were three doors to the library. They were all open, and on the threshold of each was standing a white-turbaned servant. Another was so close behind me that in turning around I brushed his sleeve.

I put the revolver back into my pocket and rose to go.

"You ought to take a theater, Prince," I said dryly. "Your ideas of dramatic effect are incomparable."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"It was an electric bell," he remarked, "nothing more. I am sorry that our interview has not been more satisfactory. Won't you stay and see my pets? I keep them in the conservatory, to the right."

"Damn your pets," I answered losing for a moment all control over myself. "I wish you good morning."

I strode out of the house with the echoes of his laugh in my ears, and turned into Piccadilly. For a moment I hesitated—then I called a cab and drove to Pall Mall and on to Downing Street. I sent my card in to a very great man, who chanced to be a distant connection, and after one hour's waiting I was accorded an interview.

Lord D—— shook hands with me and asked me to sit down. I plunged at once into my business.

"Do you know anything of an Indian fellow—calls himself Prince Singhisten?" I asked.

My distinguished connection raised his eyebrows and glanced at some papers by his side.

"Certainly!" he answered.

"Is he—genuine?"

His lordship laughed.

"He's all right," he said. "I have a score of letters about him. He is a prince of one of the richest and noblest races in Central India. He will receive every attention from Her Majesty's government while he is in this country."

"Her Majesty's prison would be the best place for him," I answered savagely. "Can you give me ten minutes?"

Lord D—— looked at the clock on his table.

"Twenty!" he answered, "especially to talk about Prince Singhisten! I am interested in him!"

"Here goes then," I said, and told him the whole story. Before I had finished I caught him watching me furtively through half-closed eyes. He was wondering whether I had been ill. Evidently he doubted my sanity. I did not blame him. When I had finished he twirled his moustache for a moment in silence.

"It's a curious story," he remarked.

"The curious part about it is that it is true," I answered bitterly.

"Yes, of course. What do you want me to do?"

"I don't know. I don't know what you can do. I don't see what anybody can do. The man has occult ways and means of his own. He is a sorcerer. To put our detectives against him would be like asking you or me to stand up against Jackson. But I'll admit I've no desire to be his victim."

"Naturally! Of course not! It's an odd story. I don't quite see how to move. The worst of it is we are desired to particularly conciliate him. I will go and see him this afternoon."

"You will be charmed," I remarked. "His manners are perfect."

"Call and see me tomorrow," Lord D—— said, dismissing me. "I will think the matter over between now and then."

I glanced at my watch when I reached the street. It was about the luncheon hour at Gloucester Square. I drove there, and in the hall came face to face with Sara. She greeted me coldly.

"Have you had luncheon?" I asked.

She nodded.

"Yes, we had it early. Lady Mortimer is calling for me at half-past two. We are going to the rink."

"It is only a quarter past," I answered.

"Will you come into the library for a moment? I have something to say to you."

She followed me at once. I closed the door. The next few minutes were going to be very important ones for me.

CHAPTER XIV.

I HANDED Sara a chair, and stood over her where I could watch her face.

"I have news for you," I said.

"It is not good news, then," she said, "or you would not look so grave."

"No, it is not good news. It is bad news for you and me! The High Priest is in London."



Tickleweed and Feathers



Jo: "So you were in the hospital three months! Must have been pretty sick!"

Bo: "No, pretty nurse."

"Now, Arthur, restrain yourself."

"Why sweetness, I haven't even strained myself yet."

A girl's ambition was to be the kind of a person that people looked up to. Now she prefers to be the kind they look around at.

An Englishman, after watching an American couple dance, remarked to a friend: "They always get married after that, don't they?"

Prospective Groom (gayly): "Will it take much to feather a nest?"

Furniture Dealer: "Only a down!"

Optimist: "'Tis better to love and lose than never to have loved at all."

Cynic: "Place the period after the 'lose'."

He: "What size shoe do you wear?"

She: "Well, seven is my size, but eights are so comfortable I wear nines."

Near Sighted Old Lady: "Look there's a dear old fashioned girl. Her dress buttons all the way up the back."

Her Daughter: "Nonsense mother, that's her backbone."

She "What's on your mind?"

He: "Thoughts."

She: "Treat them kindly. They are in a strange place."

Wife: "The doctor looked at my tongue and said that I needed a stimulant."

Husband: "Surely not for your tongue, dear."

"Can we play at keeping store in here, mamma?"

"Yes, but you must be very, very quiet."

"Oh, all right, mamma. We'll pretend we don't advertise."

Customer (entering store): "My, what smells?"

Merchant: "Do you smell it, too?"

Customer: "Yes, what is it?"

Merchant: The business. It's rotten."

Edna: "How did you yet th' mark on the cheek, Helen?"

Helen: "Th' bossa had his pen behind his ear when he said 'Good Morning' to me!"

Moore: "Has the Scotchman bought the gas station?"

Smith: "Well, the 'free air' sign is down."

Teacher: "Where is Berlin?"

John: "In New York, writing a new song hit."

Mrs. Brown: "My husband is one of the most generous of men."

Mrs. Hobbs: "That's nice."

"Yes, I gave him a box of cigars for Xmas, and he's given them all away to his friends. He hasn't smoked a single one himself."

1st Salesman: "What shall we do?"

2nd Salesman: "I'll spin a coin. If it's heads we'll shoot a game of pool; tails we go to a movie; and if it stands on end we'll call on a customer."

Golfer: "If you laugh at me again, I'll knock your block off."

Caddy: "Haw, Haw, you wouldn't even know what club to use."

"Whaffo' you sharpenin' 'at razor?"

"Woman, they's a pair o' gemmun's shoes undeuh you bed. If they ain't no nig-gah IN them shoes—Ah'm gonna shave!"

"Didn't you see me stick out my hand?" snapped the woman to the man who had just bumped into her new car.

"No, I didn't, Miss."

"Well, if it'd been my leg you'd have seen it," she replied and drove away.

He: "One swallow does not make a summer."

She: "No, but it sure puts spring into your step."

Patient: "Well, doc, if I got to die, I die content. My life insurance is ten thousand dollars."

Doc: "I think, with the aid of stimulants, I can keep you alive a week longer."

Patient: "Don't do it, doctor, my policy will lapse next week."

A lady was buying cigars for her husband, and insisted that they be strong, because, as she remarked, "my husband bites them so."

Mayor (presenting a clock and a purse): "The contents of the purse will, in time, inevitably disappear, but" (laying his hand on the clock) "here is something that will never go."

Said one lawyer to the other, "You're a cheat," "And you're a liar," retorted the second lawyer. "Now that the parties have identified each other," remarked the judge, "we will proceed with the case."

It is a positive delight to meet a man you can trust, but how much more so it is to meet a man who pays cash. Some men think they are transacting business because they occasionally dictate a few letters.

Home-spun things have nothing to do with spiders webs.

If people would use bootleg liquor for exterior application only a lot of burns would result.

Many a self-made man should never have been passed by the building inspector. A polite man never gets a seat on a street car.

The fruit of the Garden of Eden that caused the trouble was not an apple—it was a green pair. Eve had her troubles, but Adam never annoyed her with detailed accounts of his mother's cooking.

"I left my money at home," said a lady to the conductor. "But you will have to trust me, for I am one of the director's wives." Lady," answered the conductor, "I couldn't trust you if you was the director's only wife."

Future collectors will wonder whether modernistic furnitue was the result or the cause of people's staying at home. . . . And then there was the story of the man who was ordered by his doctor to go home and relax. The poor man said he couldn't do that, because his wife had installed modern furniture.

A poor fellow took a memory course and all it helped him remember was that he hadn't paid about \$800 worth of bills.

"Well," remarked the tourist to the French guide, "I gotta hand it to you birds for one thing you've got us licked on fancy movie houses." "O, M'sieu, that is no cinema; that is the Rheims cathedral."

Little Edith: "I'm going to marry a Dutchman when I grow up."

Mother: "But why a Dutchman?"

Little Edith: "Oh, I so want to be a Dutchess."

A Fourth of July Oration Period 1931

Radio address by the Editor of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE delivered over WBZ - WBZA on the eve of the Fourth of July A.D. 1931 — No casualties reported

THE Fourth of July, 1776 followed the shot at Lexington in 1775 that was heard around the world. The Fourth of July in 1931 finds two valiant young aviators arriving safely home to celebrate the Fourth after circling the globe in eight brief days. They traveled at a pace swifter than any bird that ever skimmed the skies or any hurricane that ever blew. Out of the heavens on this Fourth of July we may see the handwriting on the silver clouds marked by the illuminating trailing smoke from airplanes. This is a fireworks exhibition that marks a new era on the Fourth of July which in a few hours will be with us. The ovation given the intrepid airmen in New York City was a fitting overture to celebrating the nation's great holiday—just to look upon these two modest young aerial continentals who charted new channels in the ether and realize that mortal flesh has been swung around the world at a speed rivaling planets in their courses.

We can well imagine that Wiley Post and Harold Gatty will have a real Fourth of July with the home folks, receiving a full quota of fire crackers with which to celebrate the glorious tomorrow.

Already I hear the fire crackers of another Fourth of July! On the beaches the fuel has been gathered for the big bonfires tonight that still symbolize the light of liberty that came to the world one hundred and fifty-five years ago. On this eve Thomas Jefferson, with sleeves rolled up, under the light of a tallow candle in a sweltering room in Philadelphia, was pushing his quill vigorously over the paper, writing words that will live forever in the immortal Declaration of Independence. He placed a positive period after the last sentence which has resounded forth since that time:

"With firm reliance upon the protection of Divine providence, we mutually pledged to each other, our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor."

He must have heaved a sigh of relief as he saw the light of that new day appearing. On the fourth day of that month representatives from the thirteen colonies solemnly signed this historic document, and the first signature inscribed with a bold and courageous flourish of the quill was that of John Hancock of Massachusetts.

Seven score and fifteen years ago the Declaration of Independence was proclaimed by the ringing of Liberty Bell in Philadelphia. The same ringing tones of hope echo today.

We celebrate the Fourth of July, not only on account of its association and glorious traditions, but because on that day a new principle was born among the nations of this age-old world; born in the travail of the ragged Continentals against organized war, wrath and wrong. It brought individual character into the thing called government—the beginning of public conscience in the ruling of peoples—the consciousness of conscience in the dealings between nations—one with the other.

To me this transcends political aspects of a new nation; it even goes beyond mere patriotism. It was the voice of humanity articulate in its broadest sense, proclaiming

is merely the honor of the place where was inaugurated the kingdom of righteousness and rightfulness among all; ourselves, our fellow-men, our children and our children's children—now and forever!—the eternal life-thing in our one great human day of days—the Fourth of July!

As in all immortal decrees, there is more to be read between the lines than was actually written in this famous declaration. The ideals which Thomas Jefferson penned have grown with the years. To him belongs the honor of having first put into concrete and cohesive form this "guide book of freedom."

The date, Fourth of July, marked an exodus of youth from New England in early days, toward the West to build up free homestead farms. Transcontinental railroads and the development of the Middle West were largely the result of New England initiative and capital who knew their declarations of independence. The West welcomed and never questioned as to his ancestry or race so long as he was a good citizen and lived up to the tenets of the home of the brave.

A real responsibility rests upon the American citizen who, in his zest for wealth, may overlook the basic sources of all his opportunities. As volcanic craters, apparently extinct, without warning belch forth flame and lava, so envious prejudice, long dormant, may flare up into bitter hatred and strife if citizenship is not understood.

In the Congressional Library at Washington I saw the original copy of the Declaration of Independence. I recalled in rereading, among other things that the tyrant was charged with "obstructing the law for the naturalization of the alien." With many thousands of foreigners who are not naturalized living in all parts of the country, we may well fear a like indictment in these days, reflecting our individual indifference toward these people who have come to the United States and are one of us. Some have occupied high position—for our mayor is the son of an immigrant, but have we greeted the later arrivals according to our obligations as heirs of this land of the free. Every citizen of the United States owes a definite personal service to this country, aside from paying taxes or shouldering arms. By right of his birth as an heir of Opportunity he should give at least a portion of his time in looking after the stranger within our gates and helping him understand the difference between liberty and license. Bos-



Thomas Jefferson writing the Declaration of Independence

the spirit and the soul of America foreshadowing a UNITED STATES OF THE WORLD, and a universal Declaration of Independence.

It is the world's holiday—a holy day, in a way—as much as our day. It is named for no man, for it is all mankind's day, established in the name of humanity and dedicated by our fathers to God, the Father of all freedom, the Author of all Liberty. No other nation was so born; no other people since the beginning of time had been so blessed.

Indeed the Fourth of July, 1776, might be called the birthday of a new world. Ours

ton and Massachusetts, as well as other states that have received the immigrant sympathetically, are providing parks, playgrounds, schools and material conveniences for the millions, and paying and issuing bonds for future generations to pay to do it. As cities, as states, we may do our work well—but what of our work as individuals?

We cannot be reminded too often of our responsibilities associated with citizenship—the foundation of the privileges and enjoyments in our ceaseless pursuit of wealth and happiness. We are prone to undervalue or lose the proportions of our own duty as individual citizens because it is all so free and has cost us of this generation so little.

John Galsworthy tells the story of the boy who was taken out to see a rainbow; the lad in raptures told of its beauty; of its varied colors; of its splendor, but the sage remarked, "Boy, do you feel it?" Unless you feel gratefully and innately what this Fourth of July means to you in person the rainbow of promise that enshrouds the Declaration of Independence is lost in the blaze of noisy and empty celebrations with tinkling cymbals and sounding brass.

Patriotic check-books and high paid taxes are not all we need—they cannot supplant the personal service we are not only privileged but consecrated with our birthright to give our country. Why not welcome the newcomers as we greet members in a fraternal organization which attracts our interest because of the chance of personal friendship. The intermingled comradeship of citizenship has made the United States a great nation.

How many of us ever took a foreigner by the hand and said, "I welcome you as an American citizen?" We have been leaving grim paid officials meet them with document and printed form in a language unfamiliar to them.

Sometimes I think we expect too much of the Declaration of Independence. We reverence it; we sometimes read it, but we seldom feel or act upon the declaration within the Declaration, and the melting pot in America sometimes boils over in communism.

Give to the alien honestly seeking citizenship the self-reliance and self-respect which

is inherent in democracy. Let them feel that priceless boon of *fellowship in citizenship*. The naturalized citizen is subject to the same emotions as you or I, and is as quick to feel the spirit of ostracism, of neglect and unfriendliness, that is even more oppressive than the tyranny from which we were freed.

Have you ever appraised the rights and benefits of American citizenship as you do your property?

The first fundamental right is that every individual should have a direct responsibility in his government, and this is best obtained through representation of the people; the little groups gathering together in the manner of our traditional New England town meeting, where individuals are held to strict accountability for service rendered.

The benefits are not in the mere right to accumulate property. They may be enjoyed when we go to a park, look upon the public buildings or upon the great Capitol in Washington and feel "This is mine." We have a definite share in the ownership of this government.

Year by year the responsibilities of citizenship are increasing. They are even greater today than they were to the ragged Continentals who heard the Declaration read while facing the sagging fortunes of war and death.

In one hundred and fifty-five years Columbia has sent forth many sons and daughters of Democracy. On this natal birthday we come back and give her a salute of gratitude, as well as gun powder, and make the Statue of Liberty a living symbol, like Phidias when he sculptured Pygmalion turned from marble to animate life.

In ancient Rome on the hearthstone of every home was builded the fire the Penates, and that flame was never permitted to go out night or day, but burned as an eternal and never-ending fire, an offering to the patriotism of ancient Rome. Why not keep the patriotism of the Fourth of July going for more than one day in the year?

When a man or woman leaves his home in a foreign land and comes to America, he quickly acquires the right to vote—to make the laws of his adopted country. The ballot is in many cases a new responsibility,

so it is important to have this privilege proven by a worthy effort. Why could they not join with those of us born under the Stars and Stripes and reverently salute and even touch the folds of the flag as we enter the voting booth? More than this, why could we not grasp a pen and sign our respective names then and there as did John Hancock and those illustrious men who recorded their signatures now priceless and historic? For me, even this would not suffice. I should hail some impressive ceremony to go with the sovereignty of the ballot. We who are supplicants for the blessings of divine aid; we who appeal to Him who controls the destinies of nations, should, even on bended knee, reconsecrate ourselves on the Nation's birthday, breathe a prayer to the kind Providence to which the signers of the Declaration of Independence appealed in their closing words.

"God bless our beloved America and her natal day!"

From the President of the United States, a descendant of the Quaker sect associated with the birthplace of our Fourth of July, comes the Hoover plan, a new declaration reaffirming not only our independence, but proclaiming the dependence of all nations on one another in the kinship of humanity. This epochal compact consummated in the glow of our nation's anniversary marks the threshold of a golden era of understanding in which the great nations of the world have pledged themselves to a peace pact of friendliness and good will that has brought new hope to the world for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

The challenge of the Five Year Plan to destroy all this imperishable, united individualism of America, with the miasma of hate prevailing at Moscow, will be met with another plan for all the hopeful years when even the young giant Russia, eagerly struggling for the liberty that is our heritage will sever the shackles of Soviet serfdom and make a new declaration of independence, sweeping away the clouds of a Bolshevism that is now seeking to blight the great blazing light of liberty and initiative freedom which our nation gratefully and joyfully commemorates in the ever-glorious Fourth of July that is coming tomorrow and in all the tomorrows of the ages.

Biographic Flashes of Screen Folk

Continued from page 383

Walt Mason had something to say once about the fact that for every woman who received front-page publicity in a divorce scandal, there were a hundred others at home, busy and happy, and as he said "keeping their wedding rings bright and shiny."

Let's have some more stories about the kind of homes that are built by the kind of living immortalized in Edgar Guest's stirring poem "It Takes a Heap of Livin' in a House, to make it Home." Let's hear about the homes of families who live, love and are happy—yes, even sometimes sad, too—together; who are loyal and honorable; have faith in each other and faith

in their fellow-men; and who all the while live with a deep, abiding belief in the rightness of things as ordered by the Supreme Being. The Hoover plan will have a mellowing influence upon all the world. The bitter vindictive, criminal, hardened, vicious impulses exploited on the screen are losing their popularity as a "box office" feature. Something more soothing and inspiring might give the merely "sexy" sisters a furlough at least.

Amid the Charms of Alasa Farms

Continued from page 386

cussed to advantage. Many suggestions are made here that have worked out some vexatious problems in the purpose of Mr. Strong to make farming pay its way and enjoy the same advantages of staple profits

as that of any other industry.

Winter or summer, springtime or autumn, Alasa Farm has its charms in consonance with the mood of the months. The landscape wears the varied and distinctive attire of the seasons, giving the bleak and bare winter its place in the pastoral gallery, for there is the cheery home and fireplaces. Summer speaks for itself. Autumn has its fruitage, while springtime suggests the perennial hope that springs eternal in the human breast.

It is well that Alasa farms is located in the environment where "Kodaks" are made. There is no need of a warning sign of a "picture ahead." Here there is a picture in every direction that inspires and thrills. After a tour amid the charms of Alasa farms one only has to "press the button" on a golden day in memory.

With the Picture-Folk in Hollywood

An Artist Pilgrim with a contributor meeting the people, visiting the scenes and hearing the echoing sounds where Motion Pictures are made

WHEN Richard Bennett bade goodbye to his daughter Constance Bennett as she left for Hollywood to make her first picture he grimly remarked, "Daughter—remember Jarnigan!" This was the play in which Bennett starred that scored the wiles and wickedness of manners and methods of the place and people where most of the world famed pictures are made. Constance "came, saw and conquered" to paraphrase Caesar's commentaries. "Common Clay" with Lew Ayers the new Universal find was a triumph and she made father's weekly salary at the theatre look flat, when she compared it with her golden check for a week of action. At seventeen she made her first plunge into pictures and her success was surprising, but she tossed it all aside to marry Philip Plant.—"Love is like that."

"If I fell in love today—and the man wanted me to leave pictures, I'd do it without a moment's hesitation," Miss Bennett admits. "If I married outside my profession, I'm not sure I would want to give it all up again. The chances for happiness would be greater."

Constance is one of the most fascinating figures in pictures today. Her poise and sophistication singled her out for immediate recognition, but she moves but little in movie circles although her closest friends are concerned with motion pictures.

Her mother is Adreinne Morrison, herself an actress and daughter of Lewis Morrison, a well-known stage star of his day. Constance took up drawing and planned to follow art and designing as a career—but the lure of "pictures" came along.

"When I can gather a competence that will permit me to live in Sweden my native country—as I would like to live—goodbye comes to California." This is the statement that came from the mystery woman of Hollywood known on the screen as Greta Garbo. Long walks alone take her far away from the gay life of the motion picture capital. Discovered by director Maurice Stiller who brought her to America, she has not even called for naturalization papers.

While she speaks English with little accent, it is thought that she does not understand much of the jargon that passes around in American conversations.

There was keen interest in her "Inspiration", in which she played with Robert Montgomery, but "Anna Christie", established her reputation in talking pictures. Predictions were made that sound pictures would place the ban on all foreign stars, but Greta Garbo again puzzled the picture

prophets of the West. She speaks good English and has become Americanized in action at least.

Miss Garbo has only one more year to her present contract and insist that when this is completed she will depart for Sweden and give up the movies for ever. M. G. M. has three pictures in preparation for her now "Susan Lennox", "Mati Mari", and "Grand Hotel". If she keeps her vows of resigning, these pictures will probably be Garbo's last contribution to the screen.

During the filming of a picture recently, she was climbing a long flight of stairs wearing a magnificent trailing gown. Numerous extras stood around, looking with awe upon the grand lady as she ascended the staircase. One extra was so awed that he forgot himself and stepped on Garbo's train. Greta bent backward and in her surprise forgot the camera for a moment and cried "Whoopee." It almost stopped production on that picture for the day.

Playing an organ in a motion picture theatre in Portland, Oregon, little Jeanette Loff had her dreams. Watching every action of the figures on the screen, she planned how to do it all in a better way. Reaching the conclusion that she could improve on some of the scenes, she "observed" as her fingers "wandered idly over the keys" in search of a lost chord. Then came the decision. The species known as the "tired business man" in the audience was a study that enlisted her interest in looking over the darkened auditorium. In focusing the interest of these box office patrons she decided upon making pictures for all sorts and conditions of people, and especially the solicitors who retreat to a picture house when sales are slow.

Jeanette Loff was born in Orfino in Idaho, the state famous for big potatoes. While an infant her parents moved to Wad-

ena, Sask., where she was educated at an academy for girls. Her father was a violinist, and her musical talent was speedily developed. At sixteen, she became a pianist in a motion picture theatre, following which the family moved to Portland, Oregon, where she completed her education at the Ellison and White Conservatory of Music. At twenty she was pronounced an accomplished vocalist and organist, singing and playing in the leading motion picture theatres of that city.



While on a vacation in Hollywood, she attracted the attention of directors and secured a speedy engagement playing in Universal's "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The western girl five feet two inches tall with large blue eyes and golden hair was prepared for the assignment when the first screen tests were made.

Christened Marlene Von Losh before she married Rudolf Sieber, German studio executive, Marlene Dietrich is partial to her name. Her father was an army officer and of noble blood. Marlene was born in Berlin and grew up to be a musician. She met her husband on her first visit to any studio—and fell in love. She has made three pictures, one in Germany with Emil Jannings, called "The Blue Angel," and the other two in America, "Morocco," with Garry Cooper and "Dishonored," with Victor McLaglen. Marlene has returned to Hollywood from a visit to Germany, accompanied by her husband and her daughter Neidede, to carry on the production of a picture which it is felt will give full play to her talents.

Although a native son of Sedalia, Missouri, Jack Oakie graduated from the De La Salle school in New York. As a clerk in a Wall Street office there was not much work but a lot of fun in his first job. He did more dancing and clowning for the office force than work. Then Jack Oakie smart-cracked his way onto Broadway, teamed up with May Leslie and played in "Artists and Models", "The Follies", several "Passing Shows" and also did time in vaudeville with Lulu McConnell.

Commenting on his first part with Paramount in Clara Bow's picture, "The Fleet's In," Jack said:—

"When they hand me the shooting script, I wait until the very last minute and then read it through and go on the set. There is one reason for my success in talkies, see? And that reason is that I'm not scared of mikes. Most of the actors get petrified when they see its steely eyes. I just act natural and jump all over the set."

Captioned as the mysterious and suave Bill Powell, the popular screen artist born in Pennsylvania, received his theatrical training playing stock in Northampton, Mass., the home of ex-President Coolidge and now he is talking. Mr. Powell was Calvin Coolidge's favorite player.

Powell says, "If any young man or woman is interested in going on the stage they can get no better training than in a stock company, where they are taught every trick of the profession."

Stimulated by the mental pabulum of Smith College environment, William Powell carries on an extensive research for every character he portrays on the screen. As these personages grow in importance to him, he devotes more time to his study, sometimes spending months to round out impressions which may require only a few weeks to record on the screen—after "camera" is sounded.

"My first task for any picture," he says, "is to know and understand the man I'm supposed to be. This required a perspective of his entire life, not just the small part of it that I am to re-create before the camera. I must know his parentage, his rearing, his environments, his education, his associates,—all the forces that have made him what he must appear to be at the time the story opens. Then I may be able to think his thoughts and live his life."

Perhaps it is because he was born and reared in Richmond, Surrey, England, that Ronald Colman has the pronounced British ideas on marriage that have set the tongues of the fair sex wagging. In his latest "The Devil to Pay," he lets it be known that he remains a bachelor and considers marriage the bunk. This press-agented well, but may lead the redoubtable Ronald to the altar—as was the case of Henry Menken, the editor-author, who utilized the motion picture stunts of the male stars to attract the spotlight to his dreary magazine articles. Ronald has the real lordly English accent which still has a fascination for the maidens dreaming of the time that they may be presented at the Court of St. James and marry a live duke and become the wife of a peer—just as you read about in story books.

There is a weird hoot of an owl suggested to the young cowboy fans when "Hoot" Gibson appears on the screen. A licensed pilot, keenly interested in aviation, he can also wear a ten gallon hat like a native and throw the ropes with any rodeo artist—and even chew gum as graphically as Will Rogers. While he plays in vaude-

ville, his wife Sally Eilers is making pictures, in the good old way that Mack Sennet made famous.

"Hoot" finished second in an air race at the National Air Derby in Chicago and is acclaimed the best pilot among the Hollywood airmen—and a first class pilot in any league.

With keen eyes and perfect control over his muscles, he is as steady as the Rock of



Virginia Cherrill in "City Lights"

Gibraltar in exciting moments. He was born in Nebraska, where the "covered wagons" trekked.

These days Hoot is concentrating on his new ranch at Saugus and plans to make his yearly rodeo second only to the Pendleton "Round up." His latest picture is "Clearing the Range." Mrs. Gibson has been hailed by Ziegfeld as the most beautiful girl in Hollywood.

The Cape Cod folks are mighty proud of Charles Farrell the big, wholesome, good-looking boy from Hyannis, Massachusetts who, despite the adulation of thousands of admiring "movie fans" since his first two great successes, "Seventh Heaven" and "Sunny Side Up," has nothing of the bored, blasé air of the so-called "Movie Star", but rather still retains that eager, vital, wide-awake look of the New England lad who made Hollywood in one jump.

Charles Farrell's pictures are sure to have an admiring audience of railroad folks. His grandfather Farrell is a New Haven railroad veteran, and his father saw several years of railroad services. At the present time he has cousins actively connected with the railroad, among them a passenger conductor, running in Cape service.



WILLIAM POWELL
TO BE SEEN SOON IN
"LADIES' MAN" KAY
FRANCES AND PAUL
LUGA HEAD THE EX-
CELLENT SUPPORTING
CAST. LOTHAR MENDES
DIRECTS POWELL IN
THE 95th ALL-TALK-
ING PICTURE MADE BY
PARAMOUNT IN HOLLY-
WOOD.

MARLENE DIETRICH
THE SENSATION OF THE
YEAR AND THE TOAST OF
THE NATION! SOON WE'LL
SEE HER AGAIN THIS TIME
WITH VICTOR McLAGLEN
IN "DISHONORED" JOSEF VON
STERNBERG WHO "FOUND"
THE GORGEOUS DIETRICH
DIRECTS.

JACK OAKIE
PARAMOUNT'S GREAT
GRIN AND GAG GUY
SOON TO BE SEEN IN
"THE GANG BUSTER"
A SWAGGERING CHAR-
ACTERIZATION OF A
GREEN COUNTRY BOY
SELLING LIFE INSUR-
ANCE TO GANGSTERS.

Goldman for More and Better Brass Bands

The movement begun by leader Goldman of New York to produce the best symphonic music with brass bands proving a success and stimulated the organization of band music as a permanent institution in many cities and communities

WHEN Jules Levy, the world's greatest cornetist of his time heard the young lad from Indiana "born in Old Kentucky," and reared in "li'l old New York" play the cornet—he nodded his head approvingly. Placing his hand on the boy's shoulder, he prophesied: "You will some day be a band leader as well as a great cornetist—you put your soul in the tones."

The lad was Edwin Franko Goldman. He began playing the cornet before he was eight years of age in Terre Haute. When his family moved east, he brought with him an old cornet and insisted that it was to be his companion in the great city. Pursuing his practice vigorously, the neighbors protested, but later these same people were calling for him to play "at their parties." Before he was fourteen, he had a scholarship at the National Conservatory of Music in the metropolis. His playing attracted the attention of the composer, Anton Dvorak, who was then writing his great American Symphony that since has become world famous. Three years later he was chosen by Walter Damrosch a cornetist of the Metropolitan Orchestra, and was the youngest musician ever to hold a responsible position in that orchestra. Making five trans-continental trips, he had an opportunity in his early teens to come in contact with musicians all over the country. After ten years service he decided to take up teaching with one supreme object in view—to provide his own city of New York with a band that would become renowned for musicianship. The vision included establishment of a different type than the usual city band. Grand Opera had inspired him with an ambition to have a symphony band, for he believed that the wind instruments alone could present anything written in this form of music, and not do violence to the composer's conception. Was not the Aeolian Harp itself thrummed by the winds of the Aegean Sea? Other eminent band masters had tried the experiment and failed, but, undaunted, Edwin Goldman waved his baton as a "fairy wand" and enlisted the interest of eminent New Yorkers in supporting a band with which the test could be made.

Proving an efficient organizer, with his little band of sixty musicians, accustomed to play symphonic music, he presented a series of programs without charge to the people on the Mall in New York City. The throngs who applauded his efforts aggregated far over a million people, and it was a great day for Edwin Goldman when the

Guggenheims contributed his concerts as a free gift to the city.

In the meantime, he had become a member of the faculty of Columbia University, and the concerts were held on its greens. Later they were to move to the Mall, Central Park in New York, and the New York University campus. Today Mr. Goldman and his band are recognized as one of the institutions of Gotham. The band has played, on tour, in Symphony Hall, Boston, in Providence, and in Atlantic City broke all attendance records at The Steel Pier. Visiting the Canadian Exposition in Toronto, his band programs were hailed as incomparable in making new musical history for wind-instruments.



Edwin Franko Goldman

As president and organizer of the American Bandmasters Association, Mr. Goldman has stimulated nation-wide interest in good music. A new standard in wind music has been set by Goldman that the critics have hailed as symphonic, without exaggeration.

In awarding prizes as Chairman of judges for the best bands in the country, he insisted that every city should have its own brass band as well as its own schoolhouse. In addresses over the radio and before many prominent organizations all over the country he has done much towards influencing the musical standards of band music. The New York Sun coins a new word to describe his achieve-

ments and crowned him "Bandmaster-issimo."

With a "library" of music that is one of the most extensive in the country, he co-operates with his fellow bandmasters in preparing programs that are marking a new epoch in music. In reading the score, with experience and a purity of pitch and a mellowness of tone and a precision, Goldman Band suggests a well-trained orchestra in "attack and release." They have demonstrated that a brass band is a public institution "in the broadest sense" and that its music need not be confined merely to the "bugle" calls of the military camp, or trombone blasts of a circus parade.

In his dreams of the future, Mr. Goldman finds many other bandmasters in the country sharing his convictions of raising the standard and modernizing music to the point where it will be regarded as a necessity in every city and community in the land. Among those associated with him in his national work is the veteran Mr. John Philip Sousa, the beloved March King, who has attended the convention and given enthusiastic support to the movement of providing better brass bands.

Among Mr. Goldman's compositions is the ever-popular "On The Mall" which is frequently played by request of his audiences, who also without suggestion or signal begin whistling in the "trio."

The personality of Edwin Franko Goldman has had much to do with his success. Of medium size, slender form, graceful in action, hair prematurely gray, dark eyes, and a musical voice, he makes friends collectively and readily in an audience or in individual acquaintance. It was John D. Rockefeller who confided to Director Goldman at Pocantico Hills, after he had played there with his band on the birthday anniversary of the magnate, "I wanted to become a musician early in life, and as a young lad I played the piano. I drove them frantic with my practising, and the home folks decided that I had better take up a business career."

In the course of his busy life, I have met Mr. Goldman in the broadcasting rooms heralding his messages over the radio, for better band music, like a crusader. I have sat with him at banquets in his honor in various cities and heard his graceful responses to the honors paid him by the public. In Carnegie Hall, I have seen him conquer a critical audience. At the seaside in Atlantic City, and on the "Mall," in New York and at expositions he has won favor with his fellow bands-

Continued on page 402

Rudolph Recites About Bluebeard

VONCE, couple times ago, der lifed a chentlemans who vos v-er-r-y rich.

He had a fine houses in der city und bungalolos in der country, dishes und plates from solid gold und silver undh is carriages vos all forty horse-power horseless. He also had some two-three hundred airships und steam yachts, und, least but not last, he had it grape-fruit for every meals. But mit all his wealth, he could schenge de color of his viskers, vich vos ver-r-y long und der vind blew thro' dem, und so der peoples always called him "Blue Beard." Dis mate him so ugly dot none of der laties of der chorus—I mean, der court—would keep stedly company mit him; dey sait der blue viskers did not match der peroxide komplexions.

Now, der happened to liff near him a rank laty—I mean, a laty of rank, who had couple beautiful daughters, und "his viskers" got sticky und dem und asked der laty for a match. But neider of der fairies could stand for his Vandyke, ober dey vos villing to testify under oath, dot his figure vos not so vorse, for, you see, dey had seen it his bank account. But to Blue Beard dis mate no neffer minds. He gave a big houses barty, und asked der laty und her daughters to join in der festimivities; und, after a week had been spent in dis disgraceful manner, der youngest of der daughters began to commence to shtart to dink dot his viskers vos not such a deep shade of indigo as at first; so she told her mutter dot she must have been color blind und asked permission to marry him, viskers und all. So, Mommer, whose alimony vos getting low, said, "Go to it." Vitch she did.

About two, three weeks after der knot vos tied, Blue Beard told his vife he had to go to New York on business (der same old lie), und he gave her der keys of der vine-cellar und also a liddle key to a closet at the end of a long gal-lary vitch, he sait, must not be opened under any cir-kum-stances. So she promised to obey him, und he vent away. Being a female vomans, of course dis vos all dot vas unnecessary to excite her unquisitive-ness, und she could not vait long enough until he vos aus gezeichnet to run straight avay und open dot door. So, pudding der key der lock in, der door flew itself open, und "Donner und Blitzen?" dere vos der floor covered all over mit blut und several deat vomans lying in it. Der poor laty vos almost petrified mit fearfulness und studded shakin' for der drinks, der key fallin' from her hands der floor upon. She managed to find it und lock der door, und den she discovered dot der key vos tainted mit blut. She viped it und scrubbed

it mit Dutch cleanser, but could not vipe out der stain.

Early der next evening Blue Beard returned, havin' lost all his money playin' pinocle, und you may be dissatisfied dot his vife vos in a fine dill-pickle; but, pudding on a bold-faced type, she tried to make der old man tink she vos tickled mit foolishness to see him vonce again, already. Den he asked her for der keys, und, after makin' it von excuses ober anoder, she saw dot der jig vos gedding up, und handed dem to him.

Den Blue Beard kespied der blut und says: "Ah? ha? I see dot you haf been investumigating der Stock Yards, ven I tole you to confirm yourself mit Voman suffering. Vell, den, if you vill go muckraking mit der Beef Trust, you vill yourself soon be dressed beef, already."

Den she fell on his hands und knees und asked for couple minuten to say so-long to sister Ann, who vos up-stairs making it googoo mit der ice-man. Blue Beard yells it out loud: "Herauf, den, und be quvick about it."

So she ran der stairs up, und called out: "Sister Anheuser, bring me schuper of bier." Nein—I mean, she sait it: "See if mine brudders Hans und Fritz are coming."

So sister Anheuser looked out und sait: "Ober nit? Nothing didding."

Den she sait: "Look again vonce in der same places."

Den Anheuser sait: "All I can see is der policeman kissing der cook."

Und all dis viles, Blue Beard vos shouting himself horses for her to come downstairs und be mate into cold-storage.

Vonce again yet, she calls it out to her sister und sait: "Ach, Himmell, who iss keeping dose fat-head brudders."

Den Anheuser exclamated: "I see it a couple fellers on motor-cycles chasing dis vay, a gasoline buggy."

"Ach, du lieber?" sait der laty, "dey are coming; dot's der stuffing for der geeses. Now, it mox nix ouse."

Den she ran der stairs down, und Blue Beard vos yust about to gif her a kouf in der blickstein, ven, in rushes der two brudders, Hans und Fritz, fresh from der Sunday supplement, und, shouting it out: "Raus mit him," fivickly put an end to his finish. Den, ven it vos all over, der poor vife, I mean vilder, came out of it, und as Blue Beard had no hairs but his viskers, she took de alimony (vitch means it, all de money), und on der principal of der interest, she managed to liff unhappily effer afterwards.

What Music Mean to Each of Us

Continued from page 393

the interest of the master legal mind of America in relation to music.

* * *

During the war I was preparing a volume entitled "Patriotic Songs," a sequel to "Heart Songs." He was much interested and suggested the flags of the various countries as a cover for the book. As Secretary of State he had become thoroughly familiarized not only with the flags of all nations, but the varied colors and what they symbolized.

Later when he reviewed the completed insignia of the allied nations there was a wistful look in his eyes that reflected his dream of having all national ensigns represented in this emblematic symphony of national identities massed in the glow of international understanding to assure of enduring Peace.

Goldman for More and Better Brass Bands

Continued from page 401

men in cities large or small, New York or Terre Haute, music is the center of his thoughts and the theme of his talk.

Having first achieved fame as a premiere cornetist, he is able to sound the triple-tongued clarion bugle call and arouse popular interest in band music that will be far reaching in its results.

Favorite Heart Throbs of Famous People

Continued from page 390

Not seeming exactly satisfied, Darrow hesitated between strokes—fanning with a large palmetto fan—when asked if he had a second choice, he promptly responded, keenly eyeing me as if to note whether I would recognize the name of the author.

"All of A. E. Houseman's poems appeal to me. I like them because they are true as is all witness of life and death."

"With rue my heart is laden,
For golden friends I had
For many a rose-lipped maiden
And many a light-foot lad.
By brooks too broad for leaping
The light-foot boys are laid;
The rose-lipped girls are sleeping
In fields where roses fade."

After searching the New York Library and consulting a few artists down in Greenwich Village, it was found that the poet Houseman had other admirers beside the famous jurist, even though they boasted Bohemian proclivities. Quoting impressively from one of the two books of verse written by Houseman, titled "The Shropshire Lad" Clarence Darrow rendered other selections in a way that would have done credit to Barrymore at his best.

The Watson Way of Helping Others

Continued from page 391

small circle of people. But the influence he had, even then, a vision of helping young men who might live far beyond his time. He reached four score and one years in the span of life, and his activities were confined to a comparatively of his ideals and purposes will be even more far-reaching in direct and positive results than that of many men whose names were emblazoned in public print

while they lived, but who accomplished much less in concrete helpfulness to their fellow men than did the late Clarence L. Watson of Attleboro, Mass., whose name will always be associated with standards of integrity, loyalty, and courage that will ever remain an inspiration to the generations that follow, and call this community their home. The home-builders, after all, typify the best traditions of New England.

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A Daughter of the Stars

Continued from page 395

She shuddered a little at the knowledge. "I feared it!"

"He is here," I continued, "in a new character. He is now an Indian Prince—Prince Singhisten, he calls himself. His connection with Astrea is over! His brother has taken his place there! He seems to be now simply a pleasure seeker, and he intends to dwell in England. He also intends to marry you."

"Sooner," she cried, "a thousand deaths! I will not see him or speak to him. May God keep us apart."

"Yes," I answered, "you must be prepared. He will enter and take his part in the very innermost circles of society here. His rank is very little short of royal. You may meet him anywhere, at any time, among your friends."

"I shall know," she answered proudly, "how to meet him! I shall know how to check his advances!"

"I believe that you will," I answered. "I may not be always at hand to help you, Sara, but—"

She laid her fingers upon my shoulder and interrupted me.

"Jim!" she said anxiously. "Jim!"

"Well!"

"Have you been in danger again? Tell me!"

I shook my head.

"No. But I think he means to get rid of me. He says so at any rate, and upon my word, I don't know what I can do to prevent it."

One of the little hands suddenly found its way into mine. Beneath her veil I could see her eyes were very soft and very bright, shining like stars.

"Jim, you will be very careful! For my sake!"

"For your sake! Should you care very much?"

"Jim!"

It was only a monosyllable, but I needed no more. She was in my arms and utterly heedless of her crushed hat, her head rested upon my shoulder! She gave a little sigh of content and I took her face between my hands, and kissed her!

"And I thought it was Maurice," I whispered. "I have been so miserable."

"You silly boy," she whispered. "It has never been anybody but you! It never could have been!"

An hour late—Sara had excused herself to Lady Mortimer under plea of a headache, I left Gloucester Square and turned toward Piccadilly. Passing close to Donchester House I heard my name called, and a brougham and a pair of horses which had been coming rapidly in the opposite direction stopped suddenly by my side. Lord D— stepped out on to the pavement and accosted me.

"Have you heard the news?" he asked

I saw to my surprise that Lord D— was looking pale and seemed to be suffering from a shock. I shook my head.

"I have been down at Gloucester Square since I left you," I answered. "I have heard nothing."

"I have just been to call on Prince

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Singhisten," he said.

"Well?"

"He is dead."

"What?" I shouted. "You're joking!"

"An ugly subject to joke about," he answered dryly. "Really, I don't think I ever had such a shock. It hadn't happened five minutes when I was there. It seems he had some beastly poisonous snakes which he used to take round with him, and which were generally as tame as possible. For some reason or other, they were starving one of them, and the Prince mistook it for one of the others, took it up, and was bitten. He was dead in less than half an hour. This is the story his servants tell anyhow. What an idiot a man must be to have such pets."

I was a little dazed and I could not speak

for a moment. Lord D— took me by the arm and led me to his carriage.

"You always were a lucky fellow, Duncarrow," he said. "I wonder what they were starving that snake for?"

With the tragedy of Prince Singhisten's death ended finally all our associations with the Island of Astrea. We never intended to revisit it, and though we are going for a cruise with Maurice in the autumn, we certainly shall not choose the neighborhood of the Arabian Sea. Sara sometimes speaks of it—for me all its horrors seem very little when I consider that, after all, if there had been no Astrea, there would have been no Sara, and if there had been no Sara, I might still be a bachelor.

THE END



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CHAPPLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED

952-956 Dorchester Avenue, Boston, Massachusetts

Entered as second-class matter October, 1894, at the Postoffice at Boston, Massachusetts, under the act of March 3, 1879

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

Subscription, \$3.00 a Year 25 Cents a Copy

Printed by the Chapple Publishing Company, Limited
Boston, U.S.A.

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Lure of the "Northwestern" Vacation-Land

Continued from page 379

ged up to suggest their exhilarating charms and restfulness of the days I enjoyed in God's temple of the woods.

Everywhere I met groups of happy young people from the city, some with wide-opened eyes, who had begun to "know their onions," for they were now thrilled with the realization that they could actually tell an onion from a carrot in the garden. They could distinguish corn-stalks from cabbage, for had they not actually seen a real live cow "giving milk," possibly peeked at a grunting pig, or been lured by the sight of a little lamb grazing on the hillside to repeat the lines of the nursery rhyme.

These are indeed the "moving" pictures that stir the inner soul of consciousness to a worship of the real and the genuine—a sharp contrast to the exotic air of stuffy theatres—away from the artificial atmosphere so often associated with the everyday routine of life. There was nothing superficial in the youngster lugging along his first "musky." There was the gleam of a conquering Caesar in his eye.

Glorious days speed by in swift succession on the wings of Mercury—and those long tender twilights followed with a moon shining on the water—was a witch-

ing scene that surpasses all settings of the stage. The regal splendor of sunset and the glory of sunrise, with the air scented by the pines and cedars, refreshed to the last drop of the curtain. The early voyagers regaled their day's adventures in these same woods with the identical settings of fruit, stream and lake.

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The democracy of vacation days are now looked upon as a necessity in those strenuous times—for there is little toleration of the "high-hatter" and bluffer in the atmosphere where nature and human nature commune together and where the "enjoyer-doers" foregather.

The marvel is that all this is offered you when you purchase a tiny bit of cardboard and sally forth to the Northwestern station in Chicago, the popular gateway for vacation days for presidents and potentates as well as the great legion of "plain people" as Lincoln loved to call us, who find in the summer vacation days budget the most profitable investment that can be made in listed or unlisted stocks. It includes a bond of friendly remembrances that always pay dividends in invigorating health and re-invigorated spirits, no matter how the market is going. After all, the re-creation of recreation days is the one supreme asset in health resources of the average human that never fails—and remains the richest heritage accorded mortal beings.

Secretary Payne's Air Trip to Panama

Continued from page 378

life rather than those in military service. As in the case of Secretary Hurley and many of the foremost secretaries of War, as well as Assistant Secretary Payne, the executive direction of the Department is in charge of men who have had a practical experience in business that enables them to appreciate the real functions of the U. S. Army which has always been imbued with the sturdy volunteer spirit of the Continentals from the days when George Washington named William Knox as the first Secretary of War.

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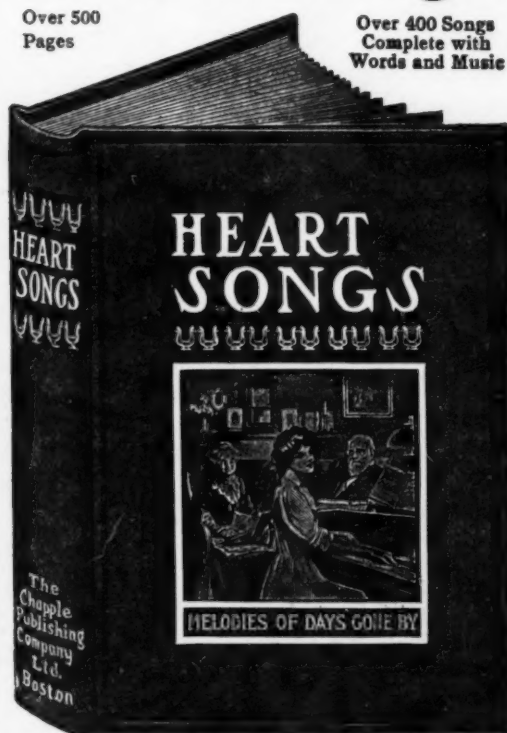
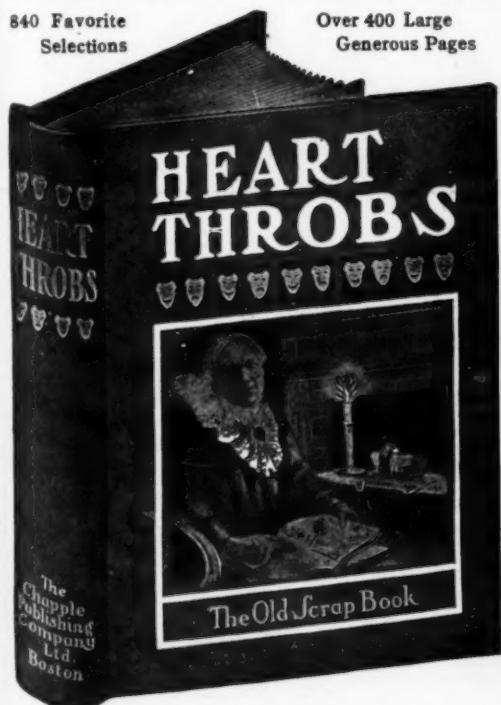
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